CHICAGO LEDGER

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IN THE WERE WOLF'S CLAWS

By EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

Some Diversion.

"MORE and more," said the man from Hyde Park as he slumped into a seat next to his friend from Woodlawn, "is it being borne in upon me that it isn't nearly as hard to do things as to stand off the rest of the universe, which seems to have nothing to engage its attention but to prevent your doing them!"

"It must be a great saying. I don't understand it in the least," the Woodlawn man told him.

"Paint your porch if you want to prove it," said the Hyde Park man. "I'd have escaped being the main object in a procession to the police station is one thing I cannot tell you, my friend, after all the trials which have surged against my disposition of late.

"Daniel, our man of all work, did the job and he introduced diversion right off the bat by leaving a large can of white paint perched on the rail separating our porch from the Haskells', next door, and Imogene's dog, chasing a cat, knocked the can over on the Haskells' floor.

"Even had Haskell intended to decorate his porch this year he hardly would have selected white for the flooring and naturally he was exceedingly peeved. I hope you note the restraint in my language—these past days have taught me restraint in all its modes and tenses.

"Haskell said it would cost him the Liberty Bond he was paying for on the installment plan, because if he painted the floor he would have to paint also the railing, the steps, the window coverings and the upstairs cornice.

"A great deal subdued by my moans and sobs, Daniel continued my work, somewhat interrupted by the weather. Just as he was nearly through there came a large cloud would hurry in from the suburbs and burst right over my premises, deluging us with water, which does not mix with paint. It took yards of cloth to sop up the water and dry the wood so that Daniel could paint it.

"When he finally did get the railings done, the front steps all white and glittery, a storm rushing from the direction of the illumination and stopped right there. It was that cloudburst which washed away bridges and skyscrapers, and you can imagine what it did to the new white paint. I had to give up my new summer suit and purchase another canful, and then the floor and steps still remained to be coated with gray.

"Daniel got that one early Saturday afternoon, when I was home, and laid a plank across the posts at the foot of the rail with a paint [illegible]ing—and it [illegible]ntinued to [illegible] looked out and saw Willie Haskell sitting on the [illegible] next to the bottom step fastened [illegible] his roller skates.

"Willie!" I roared, opening the door. "That's fresh paint! Can't you see what you are doing?" Get right up!"

"Huh!" asked Willie, squirming around and planting his elbow on the third step. "Get up? I roared, 'and get out!'

"Huh!" repeated Willie, injured. He staggered to his feet and began to climb on upward to find out my trouble, but my frantic countenance must have warned him that something was wrong, for he stopped. Then he began to see the paint which clothed him from head to foot, and after failing to see anything his nose as he wiped off what was left of the gray paint on the steps he had made desolate, he made for home, roaring the vengeance his mother would wreak on me for ruining his best suit.

"Scarcely had I recovered from [illegible] my perspiring brow when Imogene brought me to my feet with a shriek. She said some one was CUT loose!' Again tearing to the door, I beheld a fat man who had cumbersomely lifted himself across the railing and was moving in direction and who was splashing across my wet gray floor. 'Stop!' I roared at him. 'Stop! It's painted fresh!' I yelled. The man kept on coming. 'Well, I gotta get off, hain't I?' he demanded querulously. 'Get off!' I said. He paused and considered. At that I jumped out at him and chased him back to the rail and when he had scrambled over and reached the street he turned and said it was a pretty way to treat a man who just wanted to know if Mr. Hematitch lived there.

"I carried my wrath and all the gray paint on my shoes back into my house and I'd hate to tell you what the dry cleaner's bill was. That porch has been an expensive job!

"Well, it's helped you pass the time when there are so few entertainments nowadays," the Woodlawn man reminded him.

* * *

Very Simple.

HE WAS a simple looking chap and he annoyed the blacksmith by standing near the forge door, where he was in the way. Finally the blacksmith held a red hot iron to the boy's nose, hoping to frighten him away.

"Say, mister," said the boy, "if you give me a penny I'll lick it."

The smith gave him a penny. The simple looking lad took the penny, licked it and went away whistling.

The Editor's Staff Gets in a Word

THE editor departed on his vacation this week—and he forgot to write his talk with readers. He had somecthing on his mind when he left. We aren't sure whether he was thinking about fishing or golfing, or whether he was planning to spend his vacation on a farm helping feed our boys or whether he was trying to slip something over on us and join the Army. He has talked about all these things at one time or another for the last few weeks and if he has been trying to decide what he was going to do it isn't any wonder he overlooked writing his talk with you. None of us would take the responsibility of writing these two columns alone, so we have decided that several of us would take a whirl at it. Here goes.

By the Editor's Assistant.

MOST of this bunch I work with seemed to think I would be all worried and flustered when the editor took his layoff, but this is a day when women are stepping into men's shoes all along the line and I don't think the boss has such big feet after all. Anyhow, I am going to promise you that while he is gone we are going to give you a couple of splendid issues. Members of the Ledger and we know it is going to make him hustle to improve on them when he takes up the job again. Next week we are going to slip in a novelette for you, start a two-part story, give you two heavy installments of the serials "In the Wore-Wolf's Claws" and "The Quarterbreed," and add in some other features that we think are as good as you ever read. The novelette is by Margery Land May, who seems to have a[illegible] her stories in the past. The new story is called "Trampled Hearts," and it is a love story that will keep you interested all the way thru. Originally it would have divided this story into two parts, but it was so very interesting that we decided it would be a shame to make you wait a week for the ending, so we are giving it to you in one big dose.

"HULLS of Stone," by A. Lincoln Bender, is the two-part story which we will start. It is up-to-the-minute, too, for it has to do with ship building, the industry which just now is so closely allied with the Hun and his kin. We are building ships now to beat the Hun and his vicious submarines; after the war we shall continue to build them to get our rightful share of the world's trade. Concrete ships were only a dream a few months ago, today they are a reality. "Hulls of Stone" has to do with a young architect who conceived a plan of building ships of steel and cement as a war measure. His fate was that of any man, or woman, who tries to introduce something new. He was sneered at, made a laughing stock and discouraged. But there was one who believed in him—the secretary who knew just how he had figured out things. It was due to her that he kept on plugging at his plans in spite of the powers opposed to him. It is not a business story altogether. There is adventure and excitement and mystery and love. We are sure you will like it.

"EXEMPT" and "The Elopements of Pineapple" are the two short stories to which we wish to call special attention next week. Perhaps you, if you are a man of military age, have faced the same problem as the man in "Exempt" found staring him in the face. If so, the story may help you to solve it. "The Elopements of Pineapple" combines humor and the love element in a charming manner. There will be other stories, of course, but I'll not tell you about them, for some of the others of the staff want to get in a word edgewise.

By the Head Artist.

AN ARTIST is not supposed to be able to write anything. In the first place all editors believe there is a curse on artists, that an artist doesn't know such a thing as a dictionary and a grammar exist. Of course that is all rigit for an editor to believe because that is the end of the game in which he specializes. But, on the other hand, the editor thinks he knows all about the artists' end of the game and he is always butting in with suggestions and ideas. While our particular editor is gone on his vacation we artists have decided that we are going to use our own judgment on the illustrations and we are going to hand you pictures which are our own ideas, which have not been censored by an editor and which we believe will help make the editor turn green with envy when he returns. Of course, you will understand we haven't got anything against that bird of an editor, but we do want to prove to him that he isn't an essential personage when it comes to getting out the illustrations for the paper. So here's hoping you will like our work while the boss is away.

By the Needlework Editor.

I AM free from criticisms by the editor, for he doesn't know any more about needlework or sewing than I do about fiction. When I hand him my weekly assortment of matter for my page he usually groans and says, "Oh, send it into the printers. I haven't time to look it over and I'll take a chance that you've got it right." Which is camouflage of the rankest sort, for he knows he doesn't know the first thing about it and I'm sure he doesn't think it isn't yours truly—Just the same, he realizes that my articles are good, for [illegible] compliments [illegible] the best of those which have appeared in the Ledger this year and make them up into a book for you. I'll do it gladly if enough of you want such a book and will mail me you.

By the Office Boy.

OF COURSE the rest of the staff put me down at the bottom of the list, they are always picking on me, anyhow, and yet I do more work than all the rest of them put together. The others have all gone at the boss because they think he is gone on his vacation and they'll get all this into the paper before he gets a chance to kill it. But little Willie knows better. I was down the hall a few minutes ago and I saw the boss slip into his office and sit down at the typewriter and start writing his talk to readers. Because he forgot to he came back to do it before he went away, so that he could go with a clear conscience. What's the use writing any more. It will never see daylight anyhow.

By the Editor.

LITTLE Willie is partly right. I did forget it and I did come back to write my talk with you because I was afraid some of you might look for it and be disappointed. Don't think I care what the staff says about me. Bless 'em, I know they don't mean any of those slams, and they are the most loyal bunch in the world, anyhow. What they wrote goes and if I hurry like the dickens I'll start my vacation on time anyhow.

The Editor.

* * *

Didn't Keep Time.

JIMSON had barely taken his coat off when his mother-in-law, pale of face, rushed up to him and grabbed his arm.

"Oh, Arthur," she gasped, "that great, heavy grandfather clock in the hall has just crashed down on the very spot where I had been standing only a second before!"

Jimson did not seem to be greatly agitated at the news and only muttered: "H'm! I always said that clock was slow!"

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Mystery and the Breath of the North Woods Are Present

IN THE WERE-WOLF'S CLAWS

By Edward B. Waterworth

They Had Been Stamping in From Their Little Homes in the Clearings, Into the Villages.

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CHAPTER I.

FEAR GRIPS PEOPLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

FAR from the great railroad, which wends its way thru the forest primeval of the Province of Ontario, Henry Brandt, retired millionaire, had built a great summer home. It was a magnificent mansion and elegantly furnished despite its isolation. The big house had hardly been completed when the habitants of the wild places were driven to the villages of Crons and Indian Village. Fullblood Indians, half-breeds and French Canadians swarmed into these centers—badly frightened—for a terrible thing had been creeping thru the forest killing the natives.

Not alone were the Indians affected, but Brandt was forced to abandon his great mansion shortly after his wife and daughter went into hysterics over something they had seen in the twilight of a late summer night. Brandt had given this as the reason for leaving his great mansion. He had told the newspaper reporters of Montreal that a Were-wolf was at work. The Montreal newspapers made light of this, but soon travelers coming into Montreal from the silent places also reported the same thing Brandt had told.

It seemed extraordinarily strange that a millionaire could be driven from his home in the Canadian wilderness by a ghostly thing which crept thru the forest. But it was so. The thing was not only weird, but it was a killer of men and women. First it had killed an Indian. His body was found in a lonely glade. Next an Indian woman had fallen into its clutches. Then there was a great exodus of Indians to the settlements.

Brandt told the newspaper publishers that if they did not believe there was something wrong to send their reporters to his mansion in the wilds, where they could live and find out for themselves. Still dubious as to the real existence of the thing which had terrorized the natives and driven a millionaire from his costly house, the Montreal publishers sent their star reporters to the scene.

Steve Brady of the Leader, George Thompson of the Tribunal, John Emmett, Tribunal photographer, and Eric Swanson of the Investigator, all carrying rifles and baggage started for the mansion in the wilderness at the same time.

The question uppermost in their minds was: What is a Were-wolf?

"Suppose one of you fellows who knows would enlighten me as to what this animal we soon are to write about and photograph is," said Emmett while the train rolled out of Montreal.

"Years ago over in the old country my grandmother told me of such a thing," said Swanson. "I'd almost forgotten it since I came to Canada. She used to take me upon her knee and tell me of Were-wolves—of ghouls—and even vampires until I was afraid to go to my room in the dark. I do not know whether or not my grandparents believed in Were-wolfs themselves, but maybe they only told me of them to frighten me so I would not go out into the streets after dark—for we had no lights in our little town and there always was a fear of losing children. But it seems quite strange that this superstition should crop up in such a progressive country as Canada."

"Before you go any further," said Emmett, "give me a description of this Were-wolf. I'm supposed to take a picture of it, you know."

"Were-wolf or werwolf," answered Swanson. "varulf, we call it; loup-garou, the French say. It's all the same. It's part of the lore of every country. Centuries and centuries ago, they thought a man could turn himself into a varulf and then he would prey on human flesh. They always killed a man in those days if he was suspected of being one. They say in the wild northern forests, in the Middle Ages, that many persons went mad just out of sheer solitude, and I suppose their appearance and their brutish instincts led to the belief. They were always killed when found. But the belief lasted. In this day, there's many a town in Brittany where the child won't put his head out of doors at night for fear of the loup-garou. They think it proof against injury—something infernal. Something that could turn itself back into the shape of a man and go out at night to destroy the unsuspecting."

"What's all that got to do with our assignment?" asked Emmett, impatiently.

"I don't see where the loup-garou or whatever its name is, would look any different from any other wolf. If we can get the story I'll bet they can get just as good a photo in any zoo and spring it in as the genuine thing."

"That's where you're mistaken, Johnny," retorted Brady, "they've got a different version on the borders of France. It's more on the vampire order —an idea that the Were-wolf takes the shape of a man to fool little children out late—he is strong on kids as an article of diet. They say in Gascony the idea is that he takes the form of a priest—always lame. But he cannot avoid having the hands and feet of a wolf. So he is always muffled in a long cloak, his fangs show when he talks and he tries to conceal his feet in men's shoes. The encyclopedia said that the lame priest described was always seen after nightfall and always crippled in the left leg."

"Maybe I can make it plainer," said Thompson. "Here's Henry Brandt, who has made his pile and has become interested in forestry—he's the keynote of the story. He has established a big summer home, far out of the usual resort region, north of Iroquois, but around the point that juts out into the lake. I believe you can see the Mink Islands from there. There is tract after tract of stump land that has been cut over. There was plenty of unoccupied land when he bought it, and he bought it all. He's got an immense estate in the rough, and last spring he started improvements on it for the first time. I understand his house is barely completed. He had the soil analyzed and found he could make experiments in forestry on these big vacant tracts.

"Now, any region of this size is apt to be wild. This railroad doesn't take us within thirty miles of it. We must reach there by boat or wagon. The little towns, like Indian Village, Cross Village and so on, within fifteen miles or so of there, have lots of Indian residents. Many of them are French Canadians, also plenty are half-breeds. But they are all badly scared now. They've the idea, too, that there's a Were-wolf up there. They have been stampeding from their little houses in the clearings into the villages, are the stories the country correspondents sent in first. I remember wiring back to our man at Ste. Louise asking if he had gone crazy. But there was no changing them. Finally, some papers commenced to handle the story, and we've all had to get busy."

"But what has all this to do with anything in my line?" asked Emmett, impatiently.

"You're to photograph the wolf," said Brady.

Thompson interposed again.

"The thing's this," he said thoughtfully, "no one believes in these absurd fears of the Indians. But there's something wrong up there. The sheriff's report sent from Iroquois showed that the Indian man and girl had been found dead in the thickest part of the woods, miles apart.

"We'll find that region pretty barren of Indians, I reckon. And when a man like Henry Brandt closed up his summer home a few days ago and came down here, you can see there's something to look into."

"Probably some beast escaped from the menagerie or a big dog who has felt the 'call of the wild,'" said Emmett, scornfully.

"There's one reason why the doctors who examined the bodies dispute that," remarked Swanson quietly.

"Why?" asked Emmett.

"Because they say no human hands—nor hands like those of Edgar Allan Poe's gorrilla in his story—nor animal's claws even could have inflicted wounds like those," responded the big Swede.

"If there's anything wild running around up there I'm glad I brought my gun," said Swanson.

"Your gun will be of little use," said Brady. "Don't you know the kind of wolf has to be shot with a silver bullet, blessed by the priest and sprinkled in holy water?"

"What ammunition firm puts out that line of goods?" asked Emmett, satirically. "I'm afraid they won't stand for me shooting silver bullets when I turn in my expense account at the office."

Thompson smiled slightly, but Swanson remained grave. "Brady is right," he said slowly. "It's the belief among those who fear the loup-garou that the bullet must not only be as Steve de-

scribes, but must also be marked with the cross."

Emmett glanced at Swanson with puckered brows. He saw that the superstitions of centuries of ancestors had been reawakened. And he decided to let the matter go for the evening.

Thompson and Emmett, as they lay in their darkened berths, briefly pondered over the strange nature of the errand to which they were now pledged, and then gradually to rest by the rocking of the car. Only Swanson did not sleep. He had pulled up the curtain of his berth, and, as he lay on his side, gazed out of the window on the gray moonlight. And as he mused, with his half-Scandinavian recollections stirring within him, he felt a thrill of something—some feeling which may have come to him to tell of his ancestors in the days when such eerie legends as they had been dicussing originated.

"We don't know everything," he said at last. Then he, too, turned over and went to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

THE BIG HUNT IS BEGUN.

EARLY next morning Thompson found an addition to their party. Waiting at Ste. Louise for the local train around the bay, after having decided to eat breakfast at one of the local hotels, he had busied himself in attending to the affairs of the quarantine.

With their grips, the four wended their way to a hotel maintained at that time of the year chiefly for the benefit of the occasional traveling salesman. Thompson then turned to see that the baggage was checked on the local train around the bay. He started to walk thru the lobby to the clerk's desk, then stopped in astonishment. For, writing busily at one of the desks along the side of the big apartment, was a girl. The brown hair curling about the collar of the light brown outing suit she wore, the poise of the head, the busy fashion in which she was writing with a pencil instead of a pen, a point which had first attracted his notice, impelled him to pause for a moment. Then he stepped abruptly forward.

"Miss Westemonde!" he exclaimed.

Nora Westemonde looked up. Thompson quickly from the pad of paper on which she was scribbling and gave a cry of astonishment.

"Mr. Thompson," she exclaimed, "whoever would have thought of running against you here? I'm here on an assignment," she added.

"What's there to assign to?" asked Thompson.

"The Ware-wolf story, of course," she answered.

"Well, you can't put on a stunt like that," said Thompson.

"I don't see why a girl can't cover it as well as any one else," was the caustic reply.

"I've found this town a base for one night," she went on, "and I'm going to—"

"The conductor of the local train brought word that another Indian had reached Iroquois this morning with more wild tales of what he had seen. I was just writing the story. The whole district up has been more or less stirred over this thing. For two or three days deputies have been roving around up there in the wilds, but haven't found anything. I think they have all been recalled to save the expense to the county. You can read that stuff of mine if you want, and send a little of it in. It tells what the Indian said."

Thompson picked up the sheets and glanced over them casually.

"Distinctly saw claws instead of hands, and face spotted and wrapped in fur. It seemed to be a long black cloak. The face was not that of a human being."

"Well, he was telling the truth, I've seen boxing matches where neither man had the face of a human being. And I've seen hands like claws, too. Is there any objection to my letting the boys knowing of this?"

"Not a bit," she responded cheerfully. "Just as far as you like. But tell me, Mr. Thompson, what is your plan of campaign?"

"I don't exactly know as yet," answered Thompson, scowling thoughtfully. "We've decided to go up to Brandt's place. That means we'll have to buy provisions at Iroquois and go north from there some way. We intend to make Brandt's home our headquarters. What just how we can cover the ground remains to be seen. I've never been in that part of the country."

"I drove up to Cross Village once," the girl remarked, "and it's wild enough there almost anything can happen. But I had hardly expected to find that the people around here are so densely ignorant of the matter. All seem to treat it as a kind of joke."

An uproarious shout of welcome arose at this juncture as Brady entered and greeted Miss Westemonde volubly.

Close behind Brady followed the hotel porter, who approached Thompson and addressed him hurriedly. "You'll have to be quick, Mr. Thompson, if you want to catch that first train," he said; "she's pulling out in five minutes."

Thompson turned to the girl.

"Are you quartered here, Miss Westemonde?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Why not take a run around the bay with us? Maybe we can map out something on the way over."

It was only a few minutes later that the four were whirling around the sand-hills at the foot of the bay, gazing out of the windows at the waves as they drove in from the lake. But they were below the methods they would have to follow.

"There is only one thing I can see," said Swanson at last. "The four of us, Thompson, Brady, Emmett and myself, will have to divide the region in that country and go scouting about to cover this thing down. If Brandt's house is really a kind of storm center, we might as well camp there. But where do you expect to stop, Nora?"

"I didn't know it was so far from Iroquois," she said at length. "I had counted on staying there and going up in a motor boat each day. But the trip is too long. I think I will have to send a boy up to see if I can't get some one in that region to take me in. I intend to cover the country as well as you."

"What?" almost shouted Thompson, "going up into that wilderness by yourself? And to stop with Brandt? Not on any railroad whom you don't know anything about? Why, Miss Westemonde, it's impossible. Indeed, I absolutely am in a district like that, where there are so many Indians and—"

Nora Westemonde interrupted him curtly.

"I'm handling this for the Times, Mr. Thompson," she said, "and I think you follow my own methods in getting there. Of course, I'm handicapped because I'm a girl. But I'm going to try for the story just the same."

"We'll help you all we can," put in Swanson; "but, Nora, this trip is really too hard for you. Why not wait at Iroquois and get the story?"

"Twenty-four hours after you get it?" queried the girl, with a smile.

Swanson smiled in reply, but made no answer. Brady changed the conversation by pointing out a deer to Emmett.

"Even if we are near civilization, does it look as if anything unusual happening up here would be out of the way?" he asked.

One glance out of the window showed what he meant. There could be seen a stretch of hillside half wooded, mostly bare of big timber, but thinly clothed with a matted tangle of young trees and shrubs, so dense that it would hardly have been possible to force a way thru them. One road, as they flashed by, showed itself as a land line between two heavy walls of underbrush. All could see how, in the darkness of night, any apparition could be made possible by superstitious Indians if bursting out upon them from such covering. And then almost suddenly the scene changed. The train was rumbling past long lines of cottages, all with heavily boarded windows and doors, the region which was so gay in summer now abandoned and still. Even the big hotel, looming above, seemed lonely and desolate, altho a single caretaker was prowling listlessly about its lawn.

"I don't know whether the wilderness has much on this part of the region for dismal appearance," said Swanson thoughtfully. "I've always believed that there's nothing so desolate as an abandoned human habitation."

"Well, in the meantime," said Brady impatiently, "we'll have to find a place to sit down when we get to Iroquois. We can get gloomy later on."

"Iroquois!" yelled the conductor, as the train came to a stop, reaching its terminus.

Here was another town which showed the effects of lack of summer visitors. The streets were quieter even than the early hour justified, and the shops where curios were sold were all shuttered and obviously closed for the year. Brady glanced around him with disapproval.

"Ah," he said, his countenance lighting up, "there's a hotel over here. Let's get a little second edition of that breakfast."

The hotel furnished a rendezvous where it was agreed a conference should be held at noon to decide on methods of procedure. And to this conference all came with serious faces.

"It's going to be a story, after all," said Swanson. "The farmers are getting aroused now. When a lot of them get to seeing things, it isn't a fairy tale. The Indians are commencing to get into this town now. I spoke to a priest, who has one of the Indian congregations, and he refused to discuss the matter, merely saying that such loathsome superstitions were out of place in this age. Still, I found he was a Greek scholar, and we had him quite over Were-wolves, and he finally warmed up and gave me their title in the old days and a lot of stuff besides. The Greeks were fond of into some connection with vampires—the creatures which come back from the dead and suck the blood of the living, thereby perpetuating their own unnatural lives. Lycanthropus was the word. That's a new angle to the game of living on their biting the jugular vein to draw out the life blood."

"What's that about the jugular? Didn't you get the last report?" demanded Brady in one breath.

"Well, said Thompson slowly, "when Brady and I met the last farmer arrival he told us the details of that last death. And the only injury on the body is a small hole in the jugular vein."

The four sat in silence and looked at each other. Then Thompson rose.

"We might as well get busy," he said briefly. And all nodded understandingly. But, seeing the look which passed over the girl's face, Thompson stopped suddenly, letting the others walk to the office.

"I hope you'll drop this idea of going up in that region, Miss Westemonde," he said. "There is no place to stay—we'd gladly take you if we could, but—four men with one girl alone, you know?" and he waved an expressive hand, "really, I don't think it's safe for you to go prowling around up there by yourself."

Nora Westemonde showed a slight tinge of color on either cheek and looked at him steadily.

"I'm going to cover my assignment, Mr. Thompson," she said.

Thompson walked on to rejoin his companions with thoughtfully bent head. Now that their work was fully on, the men went into it with zest. As they left the hotel, Emmett, who had been silent tarnout the morning, suddenly turned.

"I slipped my little .22-caliber automatic into my pocket when I left," he said, "but this is beginning to look as if I might need something more. Thompson. I think I'll get a good shotgun before I go up in the woods."

Thompson nodded approvingly.

"If we go roaming about armed with rifles, we'll make ourselves a laughing stock," he said, "but it's perfectly proper to have a shotgun along for game. Besides, a twelve-bore gun loaded with buckshot is going to make any vampire or what-have-you sit up and take notice if he gets the charge square."

"We'll have to get horses, tho," said Swanson. "We'll have to go afoot."

It was finally decided that they should travel to the place in a six-seated wagon. The livery-stable Keeper willingly agreed to furnish them with two horses as saddlers, to be returned when they came back, and also supplied them with a driver to take them to their destination. The latter, evidently a man with Indian blood in his veins, drifted his quid of tobacco reluctantly when told of his mission, and went unwillingly to harness the horses.

"You can stay all night, you know," called Brady consolingly. "You don't have to make that long drive back again at once."

"Me?" answered the driver, turning aburnt. "I wouldn't stay here all night—no matter what you pay. I'll stop, coulin' back, at the Blagdon farm. He's a cousin of mine. It's not safe back this way from where you put up."

"Evidently," remarked Swanson, as the men strolled back to the hotel, "we've called Joke is commencing to be sinister even in civilization. That fellow's plainly afraid."

Both Swanson and Thompson were armed with light automatic pistols. Thompson, also, had a rifle.

"I borrowed the gun from Colonel Moriarty," he said, "and it's a new Winchester. It'll shoot hard enough to break any charm that hangs over our mutual quarry."

Brady, whom they found seated in animated converse with Nora Westemonde on the porch of the hotel, was also satisfied with his weapon.

"I left my gun at home," he said, "but I borrowed the one I have here from Sergt. Jerry Horrigan."

Brady had purchased the provisions and made arrangements with two Indians to take the supply up river in a boat.

"The Indians won't agree to stick around, tho," said Brady. "I asked them, thinking we might need a guide. They're scared to death of something."

Swanson and Thompson looked at each other thoughtfully.

"It probably would be just as well to send out provisions that way," said Thompson. "They'll be supplied. How's the list of stock, Steve?"

After Brady's list had been overhauled and numerous deficiencies supplied the party made ready to start.

"If the young lady wants to go along," Thompson declared in a low tone to the men, while Miss Westemonde stood disconsolately staring out of the door, "why not take Mrs. Lawson. We hoped to be housekeeper up at Mr. Brandt's, with you? The old Indian they left as caretaker of the place got scared and skipped out. Mrs. Lawson is a honest woman, and any one can tell you she'll take care of the girl. Mrs. Lawson had planned to go up and open the place with her husband, but he's away just now. She'll be glad to get back if some men folks are around."

For a moment the four gazed at each other. Here was a competitor, it was true. But a glance at the girl as she stood by the door decided them. Alone, they knew she could never go into the wilderness with safety, and with a newspaper ideas and ways of looking at things, they did not care how others might look upon the unconventionality of the proceedings. Thompson nodded his head and Swanson did likewise.

"We'll ask Mrs. Lawson," said Thompson.

"Boys," he said, a trifle shamefacedly, "this is going to be a hard hustle, one's as likely to get scooped as another. Suppose we all work together and swap up our stuff?"

And Brady, with his eyes fixed on the girl at the door, nodded silently, knowing what he meant.

CHAPTER III.

THE TERRORIZED INDIANS FLEE.

MRS. LAWSON, a woman of 50, with a generous figure, smiling face, and hair streaked with gray, readily agreed to take up her part of the mission when the group finally located her.

"Why, I'm glad to go up with the young lady," she exclaimed. "You know I'm housekeeper at the place just before my son was taken sick. Some one's up with him now, at Minitawa. They're coming around all right, tho, and I didn't want to go on account of those Indians and in that wild district all around. Old Joe Raspey, who was supposed to be caretaker there, got this same fright in him that the breeds have, and I hear he's left the place just as it stands. He had a cottage near the house. Now, I'm thinking that we owe it to Mr. Brandt to see his property's looked after, even if a lot of drunken breeds do go about talking nonsense."

It was Brady, however, who, while Thompson was arranging details with

JUST DOG

"Just dog," I answer when people say,
"What kind of a dog is he?"
"Just good, plain dog, with a winning way,
But nary a pedigree;
I've had him now for a long, long while,
Along at my side to jog,
But he isn't much for looks or style,
Just dog.

"Just dog—just faith that will not fail,
And a heart that is made of gold,
Just loyalty fine from his wiggly tail
To his nose that is moist and cold;
Just love that would follow me thru
To the depths I fall,
Just dog—plain dog—since you want to know,
That's all.

"Just dog—philosopher, lover, friend;
Unwavering, honest, true,
With deep affection that has no end,
Whatever I say or do;
Just dog, who'll stick till his bones are dust
Whatever the path I jog,
Just understanding and perfect trust,
Just dog."

—AMERICAN FIELD.

Mrs. Lawson and settling on the terms of pay, learned another piece of news. He had stepped into a gun store to get cartridges, and the proprietor had taken a keen interest in his mission.

"There's too much testimony comin' in for this to be idle talk," he said, as he wrapped up the three packages of cartridges for Brady, "and I don't know what to make of it. There's no doubt about these Indians being scared. They believe firmly that it's a ghost or something. But the fact is that one of my cousins came in yesterday and is goin' to stop with my wife. She lives up that way and can't stand the talk. She hasn't seen anything, but you can't blame a woman or a man either, for gettin' nervous 'way out in the woods there. Now, she's told me somethin' that seems funny. Each of these Indians found dead had a little hole just on the side of his neck—that was all, except marks on the throat—and even the doctors can't say where those marks came from. My cousin saw the bodies."

"Wasn't there anything around to show what did the killing?" asked Brady eagerly.

"Well," responded the storekeeper, passing his hand slowly over his forehead in perplexity, "I can't say there was. There was some marks in the sand near where one body was found, but they didn't show nothin'. No one could tell what they was."

"What did they look like?" demanded Brady.

"I can't say myself," was the answer, "for I've never seen 'em. But they tell me they look more like the marks of a big dog's foot than anything else. Besides," he continued, "when Mrs. Brandt left the place she was in hysterics. She kept sayin' somethin' about the thing that limps. She said she saw it from her window. I didn't exactly catch what it was she said, but it must have been somethin'."

"The thing that limps," repeated Brady to himself, and then slowly back to the hotel, "and there's an item in the encyclopedia about the thing that 'hirples on one foot!"

There was little delay in making arrangements for the final journey. Nora Westemonde, accepting the conditions was provided with a horse from the same stable at which the men had secured their mounts.

Mrs. Lawson's report showed that there was plenty of feed for the horses at Brandt's establishment. And she also made one remark which was noted.

"What was the vampire idea?" asked Brady.

"Oh, it was another of those Old World superstitions," answered Nora. "It was supposed to be a dead person

"Wasn't There Anything Around to Show What Did the Killing?" Asked Brady Eagerly.

Brady shook his head smilingly.

"Not my idea of it at all," he said. "I'd pick a region like that we passed thru last after leaving The Springs. Thick underbrush on each side—nice, well lighted road with the sun beaming down—and chestnuts and acorns on hand. Sort of Little Red Riding Hood wolf would pop out sort of naturally."

Emmett stirred himself for the first time.

"That isn't my way of seeing it," he said. "Look at this stretch we're coming to!"

Before them was an expanse of several acres where some forest fires had played havoc. The scorched skeletons of what had once been trees loomed up thickly on their right. Under their bare branches lay a tangled mass of timber, blackened and charred like the timber still standing. No sign of any underbrush or vegetation showed where we are at the edge of the road where a few weeds were struggling for existence in the sand.

"That's the kind of a place I think you'd find the wolf," Emmett remarked, "and it's about this kind of a place that he'd jump out on poor Little Red Riding Hood."

"What would any intelligent child be doing cruising around this way?" retorted Brady. "The kid in the fable was going to see her grandmother. If the grandmother had been camping out in a region like this she'd have been burned up along with the rest of the scenery."

So, with the light talk and remarks intended as witticisms, they proceeded on their way. As the farther north they got the more evident it was that there was something indefinable in the air. Their talk grew more broody and subdued at each mile and kept glancing uneasily about whenever they passed thru the thicker trees of the woods. When they finally turned away from the lake and encountered miles of long stretch of woods where the gloom was more intense his nervousness became apparent. He kept glancing at Thompson's rifle, which lay against the seat beside him, and finally, in a shamefaced way, which showed that he knew the subterfuge would be recognized, suggested that the Tribunal man take it out of the case and load it.

"We might run across a rabbit," he said, in embarrassed fashion.

Thompson smiled back at the women on the rear seat, but silently slipped his rifle out of the case, snapped a clip into position with five cartridges inserted, and held the weapon on his knee.

"If any rabbit comes in view," he said, "I'll expect to get a look at it first on his dead countenance, when I pick him up. He'll wonder what has broken loose. That is, the two halves of him will. A gun as powerful as this will simply cut him in two."

It was not much longer, however, before the occupants of the vehicle commenced to realize that there was something besides laughter in the situation before them. All along the road, as they kept drawing nearer to the half-breed villages, they met little groups of forms slowly plodding toward Iroquois and civilization with their scanty possessions on their backs. The doors of squalid little cabins, sagging open and disclosing the barren interior, left no doubt as to what had been done with the homesteads. They were evidently quitting their homes in a body. But questions elicited nothing. One old man, plodding slowly along with a tattered quilt, containing household utensils, over his shoulder, merely shook his head and mumbled something when Brady tried to question him as to why he was leaving the district.

"He said something about the loup-garou," remarked the driver, after Brady had given up the attempt to question the men and the team had gone ahead.

Once a halt was made for refreshments. The driver, evidently with reluctance, pulled up his team near a spot where a spring bubbled up beside the road and Brady's store was overhauled. He had placed cans of sardines, crackers and cheese under the seats of the vehicle, and the informal meal was eaten to the accompaniment of much laughter and conversation. The driver, however, made Brady scowl thoughtfully. As they were in the midst of the repast the sound of hoofs coming along the sandy road were heard, and an old Indian and his wizened squaw came driving around the bend toward them, evidently bound for Iroquois. The nervous fashion in which the Indian pulled up his horse at coming unexpectedly upon the party made the Leader man knit his brows. And he frowned even more thoughtfully when the two drove on, the old Indian declining his hospitality.

"I've seen lots of assignments here and in the West," he said, it's the first time in my life I ever saw an Indian refuse to ring. There's something to this story, all right, if it can get on their nerves that way."

Then he relapsed into the vehicle and the driver, impatiently flipping his horses with the whip, drove on toward their destination.

On the evening of their second day's stay at Brandt's home in the woods, Morton, the deputy sheriff who had visited them earlier in the day, comes galloping back to the house in a panic. He has seen the thing, and it has well-nigh scared him into hysterical fits.

* * *

What She Wanted.

[illegible]
around on the [illegible]
gabbie sounds terrible out in front. Why, when I was doing my closing number I heard somebody here say something about calling everything off and going their separate ways. Did I, or didn't I?"

"That's what he said," replied the woman in the sketch tearfully, "that's exactly what Al said."

"That's what he said Al. "Not that. Of course not. I never used those words, Louise, my wife, is just excited 'tonight, that's all. I never said anything about splitting the act, or working single. I was misunderstood. What—"

"Louise isn't interrupted Al. "You've got them here waiting with your lines up to a while ago, but I don't like the way you treat them now. In our scene on the rustic bridge, when you say, 'Reginald, is this going to be our last meeting?' you don't seem to mean it. You talk like you was asking the waiter whether the tripe was good. And the business that you have to put clasp our hands round the neck is all wrong. It looks to the people in the seats as if you're getting ready to jump into the water and want me to jump with you."

"Jump into the water is good," said the woman in the sketch. "I've wanted to lots of time, especially of late. Don't you look at me that way. There's a perfectly good reason for how can anybody in the business say her lines and act the part when she knows that a gown she has on is out of date that no self-respecting hero when it was in?"

"I never thought of that" said he. "But did you ever stop to think that the suit I wear in the scene is one I bought in Spokane four years ago last Fourth of July, and still it doesn't affect me any? When I act I forget everything. Clothes don't worry the true artist."

"But they make the artiste," retorted the woman in the sketch. "And it's time you got somewhere. I give notice now that if I don't get a new gown before we open in Ypsilanti there's plenty of war work for me to do."

"Oho!" said the little ingenue. "Say, Al, your wife is dead right. You haven't got a word to say. Clothes is something that can't be argued about. I'm with the lady, first, last and all the time. I'll ——"

"Sure, you're both right," said Al. "You can't argue about old clothes, nor in this game. It's funny I didn't think of it before. It's up for the nearest costume shop. Come along, Bess."

Hate and Greed Are Paramount in the Second Installment of

The Quarterbreed

By Robert Ames Bennet

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CHAPTER VI.
SMOKE AND HAZE.

UNTIL the branded cattle had been reweighed and the three officials had ridden in to the Agency office Hardy said nothing to Redbear about his part in the conspiracy to defraud. The issue clerk's statement of the number and weight of the beeves delivered was made out by him and witnessed by Vandervyn.

Hardy certified to the correctness of the report, then swung around in his swivel chair to fix the halfbreed with a cold stare.

"Now, sir," he said, "have you any reason to give why I should not put you off this Reservation?"

The long delay had brought Redbear those of leniency from his superior. This sudden query and the sternness of Hardy's look instantly punctured his every inflated assurance. He cringed and dropped his gaze to the floor to hide the fear and resentment that filled him.

"Have you nothing to say?" demanded Hardy.

The halfbreed mumbled behind his stiff lips and cast a desperate glance at Vandervyn. Hardy shifted his gaze to the chief and said:

"Speak up, Redbear. Talks to you, sir. What have you to say about this affair?"

"For one thing, I don't think you'll put him off the Reservation," answered Vandervyn.

"Why not?"

"He is a member of the tribe."

"Uh-huh. I am," muttered Redbear.

"Then shall put you under arrest," said Hardy.

"Arrest!" cried the culprit. "Put me in the guardhouse? But—but how can I do my work if I——"

"Mr. Vandervyn will attend to your duties until the arrival of your successor."

The halfbreed again cringed and looked to Vandervyn for succor. But the chief clerk was calmly lighting a cigar and made no attempt to help. Redbear studied the expression of the guilty man. Despair had emphasized the fact that his face was more than usually stolid. A groan forced its way between the stiffened lips: "Umna!"

"What's that, Hardy. The severity of his look lessened. "Have you any excuses to offer for your conduct?"

At last a ray of hope lit the halfbreed [illegible] and took a step forward, as if to [illegible] his plea for mercy [illegible] Hardy. Redbear [illegible] from him in an almost incoherent rush of words:

"I couldn't help it—they'd have killed me! I haven't got your nerve. They're all cheats and thieves, only a halfbreed. Everybody's down on halfbreeds. All you white men despise us; the full-bloods hate us. Those cattlemen—they'd have shot me down like a dog if I hadn't done it. I haven't any chance. I've got a decent life off the Reservation. Everybody kicks down a halfbreed. You know what would happen to my sister. I've been to Carlisle—I can't become a blanket Indian. They wouldn't let me, anyway. This is the only chance I've had. I'll never—Mr. Van got it for me when the other men quit. He knows how hard up I was. He——"

"That will do," interrupted Hardy, and he gave his decision without a moment's hesitancy:

"On account of your sister, and because there is reason to believe you were forced to share in the attempted fraud, I shall take no action in the matter at this time. You will continue in your present position as issue clerk."

"I—I don't understand, sir."

"You are put on your good behavior. I shall draw up a report of the affair, but shall not send it in unless you again lay yourself open to charges of misconduct."

The sternness of the concluding words struck the smirk from Redbear's face. He mumbled a rather confused to shuffle around to his desk, on the other side of the office partition.

"Wait!" said Hardy. "I wish the chiefs and headmen of the tribe summoned to meet me in council as soon as possible."

"It is a day's ride to the camps farthest back in the mountains," remarked Vandervyn.

Hardy considered, and looked up at Redbear.

"Does not this tribe use smoke signals?"

"Not for a long time, not since I was a boy, sir. I never learned how to do it."

"That old sergeant of yours will know," predicted Hardy. "Come!"

Vandervyn lingered behind the others, and followed them only to the outer corner of the warehouse. When he had seen them ride off across Sioux Creek to, beyond the highest of the mountains that encircled the valley, he went back into the office, opened the safe, and carefully sorted over its contents. All letters addressed to the late agent and to himself he took out and locked in his desk.

Meantime Hardy and Redbear with the police sergeant passed thru the camp of the families of the police, where they found two old bucks to their party. A pony trail led up thru the pines on the mountain-side to the bare plateau at the summit. Mid-afternoon found the Indians standing around a greenwood fire, alternately covering with a blanket and permitting puffs of the dense smoke to rise in the still air.

In less than half an hour Hardy's glasses showed him an answering smoke on a peak fifteen or twenty miles distant. When he called attention to it, the police sergeant pointed out still another smoke signal off to the left in the first and secondly covering it away. The old bucks turned from the fire and started down to where the mare and ponies had been left.

"The chiefs will come to-morrow," Redbear interpreted their answer to Hardy's look.

Hardy dismissed him and raised his glasses. As he was focusing them the dipped into the party on the divide above Sioux Creek. The small uncovered vehicle and the driver were the only ones behind him that the party was Dupont's. He frowned, and hurried down from the ridge. By the time he had reached the level of the terrace, Marie Dupont was driving; but on the seat beside her was a snowy-white-skinned girl, who averted her handsome face with childish haughtiness as Hardy rode up. Her [illegible] were [illegible] and, gazing back at him with a level glance, quietly remarked: "Good afternoon, Captain Hardy. I have brought your luggage."

"That was very kind of you," said Hardy.

Marie patted her companion's workroughened hand as she spoke of his sister. It will be all right."

"You are most kind to say it," approved Hardy, with condescension of a gracious young queen. The girl leaned forward to glance past him, and remarked: "That is Mr. Vandervyn now—and Mr. Van."

Marie spoke with a throaty quaver in her rich voice. "Captain Hardy, we shall expect you to dine with us this evening."

"I regret that I must decline," he replied a trifle brusquely. "I have unpleasant business to discuss with your father."

"Unpleasant?" The girl stared at him, her broad black eyebrows curving questioningly.

"I trust that he can explain the matter," said Hardy.

"He must. I shall count on you as well as Mr. Vandervyn." She turned in the seat and called to the driver: "Hurry up, Pere! Captain Hardy has a bone to pick with you. He won't agree to pick one with me until he has settled with you."

"Huh!" grunted Dupont. He looked stolidly from Hardy and his daughter to Vandervyn, who was now near the buckboard. "What's up?"

"The joke is on you, Jake," replied Vandervyn as he swept off his hat to Marie. "Your punchers rounded up a lot of young stock, instead of the four-year-olds you ordered, and Charlie got balled up over the adjustment of the scales. When Captain Hardy insisted upon a strict enforcement of the terms of the contract, your bold, bad desperadoes tried to kick up a rumpus."

Dupont stared incredulously at Hardy. "Needn't try to string me, Mr. Van," he scoffed. "There ain't no holes in him."

"No. He got the drop on your flock of land pirates," rejoined Vandervyn.

Dupont's crafty eyes widened. "Nom d'un chien! He got the drop on them?"

"That's not the point Dupont," curtly broke in Hardy. 'Explain your connection with this attempt to defraud the Bureau of Indian Affairs."

"I—I—why, don't know nothing about no attempt," asserted the trader in a blustering tone.

Vandervyn interposed between Hardy and the trader with the conciliatory manner of a mutual friend. "Wait, Jake! Don't forget Captain Hardy. He can't know that you ordered your men to cut out only four-year-old steers for delivery. The fault was—"

"Let Mr. Dupont speak for himself," interrupted Hardy.

Dupont had ceased scowling.

"By Gar, Cap, that's all right," he said. "Old Jake can do his own talking. That's there creed at Fort that Mr. Van says. You don't know them N. G. punchers. Bad lot, all three of 'em. But I can't get nobody else. Their outfits take all the good men. Just like 'em to give me a dirty deal. They know I'm down on 'em, so they fixes up a deal with Redbear."

"What do you say to that, Redbear?" interrogated Hardy.

The halfbreed cringed and faltered: "You—you said— Anyway, he—he was there——"

"What!" growled Dupont.

"I—I did it for you!" panted the halfbreed.

Dupont's jowl dropped. Marie stared at him in consternation.

"Liar!" Dupont shook [illegible] "Charlie, Jess, Charlie. You said the punchers made you do it. Now you try to lay it on Jake Dupont!"

"No, no!" disclaimed Redbear, his wavering gaze caught and fixed by the menace in Dupont's eyes. "They—they made me do it. Only—only I thought it would please Mr. Dupont."

"Please me!" echoed Dupont. "You don't mean to say I wanted you to steal for me, do you?"

"I—I didn't say so, did I sir?" the halfbreed appealed to Hardy with instinctive adroitness. "I thought if I got a lot of money—Mr. Dupont's eyes—" The covert glance at Marie was more eloquent of his meaning than words would be to have.

Hardy looked at Dupont. "Are you willing to give your word that you had nothing to do with the transaction?"

"Sure," answered the trader with bluff heartiness. "I ain't up to no such crooked deals. I don't have to. I make honest profits, one hundred, sometimes two hundred per cent, on my trade. Everybody knows I'm square all round. Why, last time I opened accounts with a new boneand-bead factory way back East there in Omaha——"

"Chuck it, Jake," said Vandervyn. "I have a pretty good idea of the two to one. I've guessed how those punchers meant to work you."

"Huh!"

"You remember that offer from the Jones outfit for anything you have."

"They never got it, by Gar!" demanded Marie remarked aside to Hardy. "That means all his stock—his entire cattle business, you know."

"Well, what of it?" her father asked Vandervyn. "I agreed to sell 'em three hundred."

"Three hundred two-year-olds," Vandervyn cut in. "Don't you see? Your punchers switched the herds. They aimed to deliver the young stock here, and drive the prime beeves down around Jones' range, and handle them—if that is the word."

"By Gar!" muttered the trader. "By Gar!"

"You can send a man to the Jones outfit, with an order for them to gather in the herd and mail you a check," suggested Vandervyn. "Not even those three desperadoes will care to buck so big an outfit."

"We will send one of the police," said Hardy.

"That's white of you, Cap," Dupont admitted. He turned to Redbear with a benevolent smile. "Charlie, I don't blame you for doing what them low-down rustlers made you; only you oughtn't to—"

"Cut it short, Pere," interrupted Marie. "Oiman is tired. Charlie, go and rope a couple of fresh ponies. You can take her home in the buckboard as soon as we have unloaded. Captain, I shall send over your luggage in a few minutes. You need not dress for dinner."

Thus dismissed, Hardy raised his hat and rode away. Vandervyn accompanied the two girls and Dupont to the trader's cabin.

CHAPTER VII.
THE FIRST CARD.

WHEN Hardy's baggage was delivered at his cabin, he came up the line from the office. As he was unpacking his scant wardrobe, an Indian boy, dressed in a clean cast-off suit of Dupont's, came to the door. Without stopping to knock, the lad thrust in his head and announced gutturally:

"Miss him say you come six."

Hardy nodded to the boy. Ten minutes later he stepped on the porch of the Dupont house, attired in a tailor-made suit which, the trifle out of style, was as fresh as it was new. His own days' growth of beard was clean shaven, his shoes polished as if by a bootblack.

Before he could knock, Dupont stepped from the rear door of his trade store, which faced away from the porch.

"Hello, Cap!" greeted the guest with bluff cordiality. "Glad to see you. Walk right in."

He crossed the threshold and paused. Had it not been for the smallness of the high windows, he might have fancied himself in the parlor of a city flat. The floor was covered with linoleum, colored and patterned to resemble oak planks. The Oriental rugs were real, if not of the most expensive kinds. The walls were papered in the latest pastel patterns. Between the dark, rough-hewn beams the paneled ceiling was painted a light buff that gave it a cheerful tone. The adobe fireplace was set with a modern grate and faced with a tile mantel. A few fine pictures were well chosen. There was no sign of the guns, skins, and Navajo blankets that Hardy had expected to see.

Vandervyn, lolling in an easy-chair beside the small, well-filled bookcase, looked up from a magazine. The national capital and small in boyish enjoyment of the new agent's surprise.

Dupont grunted apologetically: "Don't think I'm plumb crazy. It's all Marie—she done it when she came back from school. Said she couldn't live here unless she had things just like in Ottawa. Course, I—I—I—

A Young Lady Appeared in the Doorway Carrying a Tray and Glasses.

however, not to bring anything more of the kind across the river."

"Of course he will not, if you object," assured Vanderwyn. "Nogen didn't read the law as you do; but if you believe in dry weather for ourselves as well as for the Indians, you're the boss."

"Sure, and here's one all around to show there ain't no hard feeling," said Dupont.

He poured out three drinks, each measured to the brim of a whisky glass. His own and Vanderwyn's disappeared at a gulp. Hardy took a sip, and asked for a seltzer. He had yet to take a second sip when the host refilled the empty glasses and turned about with the whisky bottle.

"Hello?" he said. "What's the matter with it?"

"Very good rye," said Hardy.

"Don't look like it. You ain't took more'n a drop. Most army men can git outside a good many times anyboy."

"I prefer to sip mine," stated Hardy.

Marie again appeared in the doorway. She bowed to the guests with impressive formality.

"If you will enter, gentlemen."

Hardy was left to follow Vanderwyn and Dupont. The unsmiling hostess bowed Hardy to the seat of honor.

"I have yet to learn whether I am to have the pleasure of boarding with Miss Dupont," remarked Hardy.

"You sure have, if you're ready to shell out for it. Grub comes high here."

"And Marie is a chef," added Vanderwyn.

Hardy waited until the Indian boy had served the soup. At last he succeeded in fixing the cool gaze of his hostess. "Please do not consider that hospitality requires you to do me the favor, Miss Dupont," he said. "I don't wish to intrude, highly as I should appreciate——"

The deference of his manner soothed the girl's wounded pride. She smiled, and combined a friendly response with a side thrust at her father:

"Indeed, we shall be delighted to have you, Captain Hardy—I because of your company, and Pere because of the cash."

"By Gar, he won't git no better feed in no hotel," vowed Dupont.

"I can foresee that," agreed Hardy. He addressed the girl in a tone that drew a stare of open resentment from Vanderwyn: "You are wonderful, Miss Dupont, wonderful! One day in an Indian attack, followed by a fifty-mile drive; the next, fifty miles back, and such a dinner as this!"

"First the great-granddaughter of Sitting Bull, then la bonne cuisiniere French-Canadienne, and now——What will the wonders be of the week of hereditary plus childhood in the saddle and a course in Domestic Science?"

"Yet you must be fatigued."

"When I have dined I shall beg out to do, then I permit myself to consider whether I need rest. There was a time when my red ancestors had no beds. They ran down their game afoot."

"You will always ride—or drive," banteredHardy.

"By Gar, she won't never be driven," declared Dupont with conviction.

Vanderwyn smiled over his champagne glass. He did not notice that Marie was looking at him. But Hardy was watching her. He saw her eyes grow bright and her brilliant eyes melt with tender passion. His own face became grave. A moment later she was herself again, for his seriousness, and her animation soon compelled him to forget what he had seen. Vanderwyn was equally unaware in his assertion that she could act the lady to perfection when she chose. The role could prevail over her nature. They were brought in much sooner than suited Hardy.

The hostess signed her Indian boy to take the box into the parlor, together with the ice bucket, in which was still left a bottle of champagne. She observed, she bowed her dismissal of the guests from the table.

"I shall now permit myself to be fatigued," she said. "Good evening, Mr. Vanderwyn. Good evening, Captain Hardy."

Vanderwyn nodded, and followed Dupont with a nonchalant bearing that threw additional light on the uncertainty of his step. Hardy lingered for a word of appreciation: "This has been a most enjoyable evening, Miss Dupont."

She chose to disregard the sincerity and warmth behind the formal phrase. "You are very kind, Captain Hardy. But pay do not overestimate. Where all else is off-color, three-quarters white seems dazzling."

"Believe me, it is not a question of contrast or comparison," he protested. "Not even of New York or Washington——"

"You flatter me. And now, as I am tired——"

He bowed and left her, concealing the sting of her polite rebuff under his grave smile. The Indian boy, who was standing at the parlor door, closed it behind the guest at a sign from Marie.

Vanderwyn was again in his easy-chair. Dupont had refilled the whisky glasses and was opening the box of cigars. Hardy took a cigar and declined the whisky. At this, Vanderwyn waved his hand in a lordly gesture towards the champagne pail.

"Uncle Sam is correct, Jake," he advised. "Rye will keep. Fizz must be absorbed before the ice melts."

Dupont took the drink that he had poured out for himself and undertook the perilous operation of opening the champagne. He fumbled the bottle and would have dropped it had Vanderwyn not pulled up and taken it from him. Thrust aside by the

[illegible]

and sat down in a chair near Hardy.

"Shelippy'ry—ben in ice," he explained with solemn emphasis. He threw back his head and burst into an uproarious laugh. "Shelippy'ry—like that gobe-mouche Redbear. Him trying to smooth me down, weighing in scrubs for four-year-olds—sif that'd give him a show with M'rie! An' me the squarest trader in the U. S.! Why, lash time I got goods on credit, they shent me a skeshule to lisht my li'bilities 'n' I lush took my pen in han' 'n' wrote 'cross tha' shere lish, 'I don't owe me an nushing.'" He again threw back his head and let out a horse laugh.

"Poor grammar, but rich rhetoric, Jake," remarked Vanderwyn as he filled the champagne glasses. "You told me they gave you the credit you asked for."

"I got the goods," said Dupont, pulling himself together and sobering his tongue with an effort. "Nothing like being on the square. That's what makes me sore at them there devils. Cash. Won't let me help out the bucks and squaws what're aching to work—good pay in trade goods, and no taking all risks on the ore smelting out N. G. What'll the tribe do after they git their last issue next Spring? That's what I'd like to know."

"Yes, Captain," said Vanderwyn. "Next Spring will come the last issue of goods that is provided for in the Government treaty with this tribe. They will be in a bad fix if something is not done to get them used to working."

"How about a new treaty, to partition the Reservation and give land in severalty to each head of a family?" suggested Hardy.

"That would take a long time to bring about, and meantime the Indians here should be taught to work. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for us to take charge of the mine—pay all who want to work fair wages, and take the risk of getting our money back out of the ore shipments?"

As Vanderwyn made the suggestion, he smiled ingenuously, and his handsome, flushed face shone with enthusiasm. His enthusiasm. Hardy's face lighted with a responsive glow. He smiled into the boyish blue eyes.

"The proposal does you credit," he responded. "You may count on me to contribute my share."

"You will, will you, Cap?" exclaimed Dupont. He reached out his thick-fingered hand. "You're in, hey? Put it there, old pard! Just you make them damn ki-yi-s savvy they've got to hustle for what we give 'em, like Nogen done, and we'll round up fifty thousand apiece before snow flies."

"What's that?" demanded Hardy, instantly stiffening to stern rigidity.

He failed to catch the furious glance from Vanderwyn that sent their half-fuddled host lurching over to the whisky bottle. When he did turn, the chief clerk tempered his hard glance with a knowing wink and a chuckling comment:

[illegible]

ordered.

"What?—about Nogen's insistence that the Indians should mine enough ore for them to get fair livings for themselves?" glibly inquired Vanderwyn.

"The rest?" queried Hardy.

"Oh—you mean Jake's pipe dream that this low-grade stuff may sometime turn into a streak of solid gold. But, of course, you wouldn't stand for the three of us dividing up the proceeds, even if it did turn out a bonanza."

"Certainly not."

"Your idea would be to give all the profits to the tribe even if we had bought the ore and taken the risk of its turning out worthless."

"I am the acting agent, not a trader."

"Nom'chien!" muttered Dupont. "That ain't no way to treat a white man, Cap. Won't you let 'em trade me no more ore?"

"I shall investigate before I decide," said Hardy, and he rose to leave. "Good evening. Good evening, Mr. Vanderwyn."

He went out. Dupont gaped after him, and grunted incredulously: "Fifty thousand—made fifty thousand, and he didn't jump at it!"

"Told you so," snapped Vanderwyn. "But we'll fix him yet—two more cards up our sleeve. If one fails to take the trick, we'll play the other. We're not going to be bluffed out at this stage of the game."

Dupont caught at the whisky bottle with a shaking hand. "No, by Gar," he protested. "We don't play that other card, Mr. Van. I quit first."

"Oh, well," replied Vanderwyn, "if you're going to throw down, I shall not try to play it alone. But you're in on the next play."

Dupont grunted, and poured himself a full glass of whisky.

CHAPTER VIII.
BY-PLAY.

SUNRISE found Vandervyn riding down the valley on his nimble-footed pinto. A mile and a half from the Agency he left the road and cantered across into the bend where Redbear had pointed out his new house to Hardy. When Vanderwyn rode up, Redbear was shoveling clay upon the uncovered brush thatch at one corner of the roof. The halfbreed did not stop work until his visitor drew rein almost within arm's reach. Vanderwyn met his civil greeting with a cynical smile.

"So you've builded you a home, Charlie—neat little cot, and too new for vermin. You've heard the saying, 'Fools build houses for wise men to live in.'"

"What do you mean?" questioned the half-breed, his weak jaw dropping.

"How's your sister Winna? That's the name, isn't it?"

"No, we say it O-ee-nah. The school people made her get up at four. I told her to sleep all day, if she liked. What do you mean about my house?"

"Come up the creek. I want to tell you something," replied Vanderwyn. When they had gone beyond ear-shot of the cabin, he stopped his pony and faced the uneasy half-breed with a look of sympathetic concern. "Can't you guess, Charlie? It's all up."

Redbear's face turned a mottled gray. "All—all up?" he gasped.

"Amounts to the same thing," answered Vanderwyn. "We sounded him last night. He won't sell in to the game —the board-backed fool! No chance of a deal with him, and you know what that means. Next thing, he'll have it all out of the chiefs—the mine—everything."

"No, no, Mr. Van! He can't find out. They don't know about what you and me— Nobody saw us—nobody. If there'd been a fresh track anywhere inside a quarter-mile, I couldn't have missed it."

Vandervyn shrugged. "I'm not so sure of that. You are not a full-blood tracker. But what if that is covered? It's bad enough. As soon as he finds out about the mine, he will kick the whole bunch of us off the Reservation. That's the kind of fool he is."

"He can't put me off. You told him yourself, I'm a member of the tribe."

"Yes, and Jake is a member by marriage. Lots of good that will do you both—the guardhouse."

Redbear cringed at the word. "But my sister— He won't put me in."

"Wait and see when he finds out how things have been going here. He hasn't forgotten your share in the beef deal. Let him find out anything else against you, and it's Charlie in the jug, with his job gone glimmering."

The half-breed looked up, his eyes desperate, his face set in the grim of a cornered rat. He muttered a curse.

"That is boy!" encouraged Vanderwyn. "Don't lay down. We're with you. But remember, we've got to make a bluff. It's up to us to bluff him off, or throw down."

"Bluff him? You didn't see him stand up to those ranchers."

"Three are considerably less than a tribe."

"Tribe?"

"Yes, a whole tribe of ki-yi-ing red devils desirous of dressing his hair."

"I don't understand. Mr. Van."

"Here it is, then. He doesn't know a word of Lakotah. The tribe doesn't know English. You are the interpreter.

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"Yes. You do, Charlie. You've told Hardy that there is a lot of blood stirred up. It will be easy to translate a tale of the chief in jail. You can start in by telling them how he pacified the Moros. He killed nearly as many of them as there are members of this tribe. The chiefs he put in jail. All the rest he moved to another island—you can say, to the Reservation in Dakota."

"But if that is a lie—"

"It isn't. It's exactly what happened. The Moros were glad to get the chief in jail until he was hung. Be sure to tell that to old Thunderbolt. If it fails to warm him——"

"Hoganny-hunk!" gasped Redbear. "They once put him in jail for a week. If I tell them he will make a fighting mad."

"That's what we want. I'll post you to interpret what he says, in a way that will get Hardy's goat. No man has nerve enough to stand up to a whole tribe. He will have to back down. Then he comes to me. You know what that means."

"You promised me a full share."

"Yes, and you will get it out of the net proceeds, now that Nogen is out of the way. Only, remember, you get nothing —none of it—if you don't put over the deal—if Hardy stays. It's up to you now, Charlie. You turn the trick and get your share. You fail down and spoil the job, and go to the guardhouse—on your way to the Federal penitentiary. Which is it to be?"

Redbear's rat-like grin had changed to the grimace of the rabid coyote. "Curse him!" he snarled. "I'll make him run clean to town."

"That's my praised Vandervyn. "Had your breakfast? Yes? Then trot up to the Agency and pass the time of day to the chiefs as they come in. It will help things along to post them ahead. Don't forget that Hardy is a cold-hearted army martinet who despises Indians. He is planning to stop all home goods, and intends to punish the chiefs for the killing of Nogen. But if he leaves the Reservation, I become the agent, and there is no trouble over Nogen, and will see that the tribe keeps giving issue goods to the tribe for a long time to come. Talk. Now trot along and get them scared."

"Oinna?" said Redbear.

"Don't waste time going back," replied Vandervyn. "I'm riding down to see if Dupont's punchers have left with the herd for the Jones outfit. I'll stop and tell your sister not to expect you home until after the council. Get busy—Wait. We can work in the police. Tell them they are ordered to wait at the guardhouse until the council is under way. They are then to march around and post

themselves behind Hardy, fully armed. If the chiefs get angry, they are to close up around Hardy. Are you on?"

Redbear responded with an eager nod, and started off at a jog trot. Vandervyn smiled, turned his pony about, and rode back to the cabin. The door was closed. Without dismounting, he reached down and knocked. The knock was twice repeated before the door opened a scant inch and Oinna peeped out at the visitor. Vandervyn at once pointed over the cabin in the direction of the Agency.

"'Lo," he said in an indifferent tone. "I brought word to your brother that he was to see us at once. Told him I would let you know. He will not be home until after the council."

"Thank you, sir," murmured the girl.

"No trouble at all," replied Vandervyn. "I was riding down the valley, anyway. You don't happen to have a drink of good water handy, do you? Sioux Creek drains too many camps to be safe drinking."

Instinctive hospitality overcame the girl's shyness. Her tall young figure and handsome face appeared at the door swung open.

"I boil the water. Do you like tea?" she asked in a flat-like voice.

"All right."

She stepped about. He swung down and peered into the rude, half-finished interior of the cabin. The girl took a coffee-pot from the little stove and reached for one of the large earthen-ware cups on the bare shelf.

"Sugar—and cream?" she asked.

When at school she must have caught the intonation of the stock question from some cultured Boston teacher. Vandervyn stepped midway through the entrance and stepped back outside. He replied in a conventional tone: "Clear, please."

When she returned to the door, he was thinking his subject out. He kept her waiting several moments before he turned to take the cup of tea. The hand that held the cup was rough from hard work, but the girl's cheap calico dress was neat and clean and it covered a form as supple and erect as a reed. Unlike her brother, she had inherited only the good features of her parents. The blend of types appeared in her face was far from unpleasing.

She kept her soft brown eyes shyly downcast. Yet she must have watched him covertly thru her long lashes. Under his stare of bold admiration the color beneath her skin had changed and when she was scarlet with bashful embarrassment. The tea was hot. He sipped it slowly and gleaned the girl's confession. Aside from Marie, she was the only comely girl he had seen in half a year, with the exception of women passengers glimpsed through the railway coaches.

[illegible] longer to endure the strain, Oinna at last faltered in deep desperation: "You—you are Mr. Van Charlie—he said you and he—are partners."

"Partners?" repeated Vandervyn with a quick frown. "He said that?"

The girl shrank back. "Please, sir, he didn't mean anything wrong."

"What more did he say?"

"Nothing—only that. Please, it's only his way of talking."

"That's all right. Don't be afraid." Vandervyn reassured her with a quick change to smiling friendliness. "I am Charlie's best friend. He has got himself in bad with the new agent. But if he keeps his nose out, I shall be able to help him out."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! He is my only brother. We have nobody else; only ourselves."

"I-se-na!" he drew out her name in the caressing tone that he would have used in fondling a pet dog.

She smiled even as she trembled. He came closer. Her gaze wavered and sank before the look in his glowing eyes, and she shrank back. He sought to put his arm about her, but she sprang clear with the agility of a startled doe.

"Oh, come now!" he urged. "Just a kiss. What's the harm of a kiss?"

The girl had retreated into the cabin. He blocked the doors. There was no way for her to elude him if he wished to press his vantage.

"No, please!" she begged. "At school they told me only bad girls let men kiss them."

"Bah!" he scoffed. "What do those old fossils know about it?" His voice deepened to an alluring richness. "Come, I will not hurt you, Oinna. Give me a kiss."

"Let me—let me out!" she panted. "Not unless you pay for it."

She looked around for some way of escape. There was none. The windows were small and high. Yet she ran to the one that faced up the valley. He stepped inside the cabin to bar the door. She darted wildly out of the other door and then looked at him over her shoulder. The sudden stillness of her pose checked and disquieted him. Was it possible that she had seen her brother returning?

He sprang outside and around to the corner of the cabin. A short distance away he saw Marie Dupont riding across from the road at a smart canter. He waved his hat to her and faced about just as Oinna was gliding from the door. "Stop!" he called in a tone that forced the girl to obey. "Don't be silly, Oinna. You have my word for it I meant no harm. If you run now, Miss Dupont will think we have been doing something wrong."

"Oh, I don't want her to. She was good to me. I don't let her think bad of me," implored the girl.

"Then go in and get her a cup of tea. Quick—here she comes."

The girl disappeared as Marie's pony swung around the corner of the cabin. Vandervyn stooped to fiddle with his stirrup leather. He straightened, and looked over his pony's back. Marie had pulled up a few feet away, and was staring past him towards the door of the cabin. Her cheeks ablaze and her eyes flashing with anger.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, glancing over his shoulder in well-feigned surprise. "What's the matter?"

"You ask that?" she cried. "I met Charlie half-way to the Agency. He said you were riding out of the valley."

"Yes. Stopped here to get a drink from his sister. They have only creek water. I've had to wait while she boiled some for tea. But it was a lucky delay—you're here. You'll ride with me?"

"I wish to speak to that girl," replied Marie.

"Going to hire her for kitchen maid?"

"Hello," He Exclaimed, "What's the Matter?"

Van pulled out, hell sure would be popping."

"Explain," ordered Hardy.

"You remember I told you there was a lot of bad blood stirred up. Them there chiefs and headmen are feeling mighty bad in their hearts. Me and Charlie been trying our level best to smooth 'em down, but they're ornery. It all turns on whether Thunderbolt feels the same—that's old Ti-owa-konza, the head chief. If he's feeling bad, we better look out. He's one of the kind like my woman's red grandpere—old Sitting Bull."

They were now almost at the house porch. Marie appeared in the doorway, aglow with animation.

"Good day, Captain Hardy. I fear we had breakfast too early for you. Pere, you look sober as an owl. You can't be afraid of an outbreak. What if they do turn loose? I have everything ready—all the loopholes opened and the meat brought in from the icehouse. It will keep in the cellar.

Hardy followed the others into the parlor, and looked at the slots cut thru the wall paper to expose the loopholes, from which the chinks had been removed.

"Miss Dupont," he said, "you are a very brave young lady."

"Yes, it took courage to cut my wall paper," she replied.

"And all for nothing, I feel sure," he declared.

"Well, it's best to be ready, in case," muttered Dupont.

The girl's eyes sparkled. "I wouldn't mind a day or two of fighting. What fun it must have been in the old days!"

"I have no doubt we could defend the house," remarked Hardy, "if the families of the police are going down the valley some member would be certain to carry the news to the railroad, in the event of an uprising. We could hold out until the arrival of troops. But there will be no uprising, or no trouble."

"Oh Captain!" protested Marie.

They passed on into the dining-room. Dupont was still gormandizing when Redbear came with the news that Ti-owa-konza had at last reached the agency. The half-breed looked so worried that Vandervyn rose from the table as quickly as Hardy. Dupont paused with a slice of pumpkin pie upraised to his hand.

"What's the rumpus, Charlie?" he asked. "Old Thunderbolt ain't gone on the warpath, has he?"

"No, he looks quiet now. But one of the head men told me he said he would wipe out the Agency if the Agent didn't do what he wanted."

Dupont muttered one of the two oaths ever ready on his tongue: "Nom d'un chien! Cap, you sure ain't going to risk a ride out in the broiling sun today?"

"I shall see what he wants, and then do what I consider right," replied Hardy. "Miss Dupont, ask you take the buckboard and start at once for the railroad. You can call past for Redbear's sister."

"No, she don't," interposed Dupont. "It's too late."

"It is not too late for your daughter to escape if she rides my mare."

"That is most kind of you, Captain," said the girl. "But I prefer to stay. I do not wish to miss the fun. Besides, I will not leave Pere."

Hardy did not press the point. "Very well—if you stay close indoors. May I ask you to have your Indian boy take my mare down to Redbear's sister, with orders for her to escape if she hears anything? Mr. Vandervyn, you may remain here or join myself and Redbear, as you prefer."

"I'll go along with you, Captain. You may have to fight your way back here."

Hardy nodded in approbation of the spirited reply, bowed to Marie, and started for the Agency buildings with a step that was brisk yet dignified. The Indians had assembled for the council in a semicircle, three rows deep, facing the rear of the warehouse. Hardy went first to his cabin, where he "broke" his rifle and put a piece of the mechanism into his pocket.

"There shall be no display of weapons on our part," he ordered. "You will not take your rifles. At close quarters your revolvers will be more effective. Carry them concealed."

"We will put on coats," said Vandervyn. "Come to my cabin."

"Meet me at the office," directed Hardy and he walked on ahead, cool and resolute.

The others soon rejoined him, Redbear in an old shooting-jacket, and Vandervyn in a frock coat and silk hat—Hardy reminiscent of smart society, but to the Indians emblematic of paiefuce dignity. When the little party came around the end of the warehouse to take up their [illegible] the glances of the many head-likes eyes first turned upon the chief clerk. Soon, however, they shifted to the erect military figure of the new agent and remained fixed.

The Indian police, fully armed, started to file out of the guardhouse. Hardy waved them back, and seated himself on the chair that Redbear had brought from the office. The police poured out of their quarters, but obeyed the sentinel's order to remaining in front of the door. With a calm, direct gaze Hardy studied the appearance of the triple row of Indians. In all, nearly a hundred of the tribe's leading men had come to meet in council with the new agent.

To an inexperienced eye the rows of stolid, silent redskins could not have appeared more peaceably disposed. Their faces were unpainted. They squatted or sat on the dusty ground, huddled in their blankets, revealing nothing of their thoughts either by look or movement or word. But Hardy's keen eyes noted that there were no weapons in evidence, which were being held in readiness for their use at the rear, while a few paces in the rear of the semicircle. The blankets of some of the men in the rear rows were bulging, as if they were filled quivers of arrows. Here and there on the ground beside the sub-chiefs who formed the first row a tomahawk was thrust from under the outspread blanket ends.

Hardy gave no sign that he saw these evidences of hostile feeling. Having looked at the entire assembly, he fixed his gaze on Thunderbolt, who sat in the center of the row of sub-chiefs. There was no need for Redbear to point out the head chief. Ti-owa-konza's wise and noble bearing of the white-haired leader of the tribe would have distinguished him from the subordinate chiefs if he had not sat in the place of honor. Alone of all his fellows he stared back at the agent with nothing further in his gaze.

After a deliberative silence that accorded with the Indian idea of etiquette, Hardy spoke to Redbear: "Tell them that I am pleased to meet in council with the head chief and sub-chiefs and headmen of the tribe. I am here to find out what has troubled the tribe and to see if matter is wrong it can be made right."

Redbear glanced at Vandervyn, who stood behind Hardy. The eyes of the chief clerk narrowed, and his small, red mouth straightened. Redbear drew in a quick breath, faced about and addressed the assembly. What he said took several moments to deliver. Not one of all the Indians moved, yet there was a sudden change perceptible in their manner—an unmistakable tensing of attention. Scores of hard black eyes shot furtive glances at the new agent.

The hush that followed seemed to

quiver with suppressed hostility, the face of the Indians remained stolid, and not one of their number so much as grunted his displeasure. At last old Ti-owa-konza rose to reply. His tone and bearing were mild. He first spoke soothingly to his fellow councilors, and then addressed Hardy in dignified remonstrance. When he sat down again Redbear stood silent, uneasy and vacillating.

"Interpret," ordered Hardy.

"I—it—it isn't easy. You mightn't like it," mumbled the half-breed.

"Never mind that. Proceed."

"Well, it's not easy to get it just the same," hesitated Redbear. He glanced at Vanderyn, licked his lips, and began: "He says all this land belongs to the tribe; that the white man has no business here. He says that he is not sorry Mr. Nogen was killed, but he is sorry that you have come here. He says his people do not like the Longknives, who used to kill them, and they do not want you for agent, because you are a chief of the Longknives. He says they like Mr. Van, and they want him to be their agent."

Unseen by his superior, Vanderyn nodded encouragingly to Redbear and smiled at the Indians. Hardy had not turned his steady gaze from Ti-owa-konza.

"The chief is not angry," he said. "We shall soon be friends. Tell him that I come in peace, with a good heart toward all the tribe. I do not blame the killing of Mr. Nogen on the tribe. If white men have done any wrong to you, I shall stop the wrongdoing; I am here as the friend of the tribe. But if there are any members of the tribe who have done wrong I must make them do right. The chiefs should help me make all do right. If any member of the tribe joined in the killing of Mr. Nogen the chiefs should deliver him up to me."

This last Redbear did not hesitate. He faced the assembly and rolled out a flood of Sakotah with desperate rapidity. Before he half finished a number of the younger headmen dropped their stolid masks to scowl upon the new agent, and guttural ejaculations burst from the lips of even some of the chiefs. Almost immediately Ti-owa-konza rose to reply, his face ablaze with indignation, his voice impassioned. When he had spoken he remained standing.

"He says he is angry," began Redbear.

"No," brusquely contradicted Hardy. "Look at his face. The others are angered. He is not. There is some misunderstanding. Be careful that you interpret correctly."

"He says he is angry, nevertheless," bear, his sidelong glance looking past Hardy as Vanderyn became visible, nodding reassuringly. "He says he is trying to keep it inside, but the others can't hold it inside. He says it is not good in their hearts toward the chief of the Longknives. He says the Longknives drove them away from their hunting grounds, and killed them, while the other white men killed all the buffaloes. He says they do not like you, and for that if you do not go away he can't keep his young men from making trouble. He says you have got to go away or you will be fighting."

Hardy straightened on his chair, and his look became severe as he spoke sharply. "Tell the chief it is useless to ask me to go away. The great White Father in Washington has sent me to come here and make peace in the tribe. I cannot go away until my great chief sends for me. It is foolish to talk of trouble and fighting. I do not wish to send for the Longknives, but they will come and fight the tribe if there is any uprising."

Redbear's interpretation was followed by a hush more threatening than gestures or outcries. Vanderyn hastily beckoned the half-breed. They came close under the overhang of the warehouse until they were behind the white men. Hardy heard the stamp of their moccasined feet in the dust. He looked around and frowned.

"Four chiefs missing," he said. "I signed to them to remain at their quarters."

"I presume they think matters are getting warm," said Vanderyn. It struck me that Redbear has been toning down the old devil's threats."

"I particularly wished no demonstration of force," said Hardy.

"Well, since the police are here, hadn't you better let them stay?" It will be close enough work if matters come to a scrap, and there's Marie out to see the fun."

Hardy turned around to look at the daring girl. She stood on a slight knoll midway between the assembled Indians and her father's cabin.

"Take her back to the house," he ordered.

"But would it be wise for me to leave you and Charlie alone with them? The police may not stay loyal if——"

"Go!"

The command was peremptory. Vanderyn started off, yet contrived to exchange glances with Redbear. Hardy studied the semicircle of waiting Indians with a resolute gaze, and, as before, fixed his attention upon Ti-owa-konza.

"We must learn what is the cause of this ill feeling," he remarked to the half-breed. "Ask them why they are opposed to their young men trading ore for Dupont's goods."

Redbear spoke slowly to the Indians, his manner not unlike that of a man who approaches a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted torch. There was no explosion, but the old head chief flared with unmistakable anger. He replied with a fiery declamation that won grunts of approval from his fellows.

The half-breed's voice was unsteady as he interpreted: "He—he says there shall be no more barter of ore. He says all over again that the land belongs to his tribe, and white men have no right here, and he hates all Longknives."

"Tell him that is a mistaken. The soldiers have always been the best friends of the Indians. Warriors should understand and like each other. I wish to be a friend of the tribe. I have looked at the treaty between the tribe and the great White Father. I find that after next Spring, no more food and goods are to be issued to the tribe. I wish the men of the tribe to dig ore and barter it, so that they may learn white men's ways. Soonor or later, white men will come and take the ore if the Indians do not dig it themselves. Another thing. I believe the treaty is agree to this dividing up of their land, so that each head of a family can have his own farm and work it after the manner of white men. Other tribes have done this, and they are no longer poor."

Redbear hesitated, stepped more aside from Hardy, and began to pour out a torrent of Lakotah. He had spoken only a few sentences when a wave of agitation passed over the semicircle of Indians. Blankets slipped down from copper-red faces, fierce eyes glared menacingly at Hardy. Several of the more excitable bucks leaped up with bow or rifle in hand.

Ti-owa-konza uttered a deep shout. All the chiefs and headmen sprang up, muttering guttural curses. Some raised their weapons. Then he rose, quietly, suddenly advanced and closed in around the cool, resolute officer. For a few seconds all was confusion and clamor. An outbreak seemed certain. The great majority of the Indians were furious. Ti-owa-konza shouted to them in impassioned tones.

Then Redbear's voice rose shrill and clear above the din. He cried out, evidently imploring peace. His hands waved in vehement gesticulation. Ti-owa-konza ceased his oration, and, evidently imploring peace. His hands waved in vehement gesticulation. Ti-owa-konza ceased his oration, and, suddenly advanced and closed in around the cool, resolute officer. For a few seconds all was confusion and clamor. An outbreak seemed certain. The great majority of the Indians were furious. Ti-owa-konza shouted to them in impassioned tones.

Then Redbear's voice rose shrill and clear above the din. He cried out

A Cracking Good Story About a Theatrical Press Agent Is

Marky and the Silver Lining

By C. T. Jordan

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, as Marky found out when a couple of thieves and an innocent hat furnish him with a first class inspiration.

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"PUBLICITY is a curious animal," observed Chalier, the Western Wizard, setting down a half-drained cup of coffee.

"It's an insect," corrected Mark Hoyt, looking down at his dark-haired employer from his high stool at the long lunch counter of the Coffee Club, "as elusive as a mosquito."

"Don't know but what you're right, Marky. And we have been getting the right sort this season for sure. But from now on—I've sad news to spill."

"Pour it out," said Mark urbanely. "I can see it boded me no comfort."

"Oh, I don't know. It may mean a small raise for you if—"

"That 'if' sounds disagreeable to yours truly. Is an ostrich available?"

"Yep, in this case. The greatest show on earth, which mine is not, would expire without effect if it wasn't for the glamour well conceived publicity lends it. And, old kid, we're about to lose our grand old idea-fountain."

"What!" ejaculated Hoyt, crumpling up the paper napkin with which he had been about to wipe his coffee moistened lips. "You mean to say that Lane, old Dick Lane, is going to take his hat from the family rack and bean it?"

"It's fierce, ain't it, Mark? Yes; Dick's going to leave us flat—the stiff-rim."

"But why? He's not sore."

"I should say not! But it's a matter of tin with him. No, Mark, there's not a mite of hard feeling. I can't say that. I wouldn't do the same thing in his place. Bangor, who's about to send that musical bundle, Thelma Constelency of Constance,' on the road, has offered Dick the position of publicity agent at an honorarium that's just about five eagles heavier than I can afford to set on my side of the scales. So I had to let him go. Oh, he gave me a fair enough show to retain him.—Told me all about the other offer before accepting it, and voiced his regrets when I told him that fifty dollars a week more meant financial suicide for me."

"Well, that is tough," sympathized Mark. "There aren't many men of his caliber to be had, either. I don't suppose at least not at his price?"

"No—one too near."

And Billy, in Billy's own way, he paid the "Laughs."

Billy wasn't his right name at all. He was the brother of Chalier's advance man. His original cognomen had been Alfred Jones, but when Dick had first bumped into him, under rather ludicrous circumstances, he had introduced himself as Billy Jones, and the name Billy had clung to him thereafter.

Chalier's musical comedy was still "doing" the small towns of the West, and business had been brisk under Richard Lane's brilliant flare in advertising. This was his second season with them. The first year the Cabinet had Norman Bel Geddes' name as the feature. But it had to be discarded the second season, as it was not a novelty to be presented twice in the same town. And Chalier's itinerary was practically the same each year. This season, working under the handicap of having no big feature to laud, Lane had yet been able to keep business up to the customary high mark. And now this master of telling publicity was to work in the interests no longer. It was already March twenty-fourth, and no time was to be wasted in engaging a successor to Lane.

"What are going to do about it, boss?" questioned Mark, as they walked from the Coffee Club to the small hotel where the company put up.

"Haven't decided yet," said Chalier, crowding his silken hat down a little, "but I've got to mighty pronto. Got any suggestions to offer, Marky?"

Mark Hoyt had offered suggestions to Chalier before situations which, when put to the test of practibility, had subsided like startled young assistant to unending hours of discussion, but he was wary of displaying any outward show of originality. Once, and once only, however, that once Hoyt set out to do a thing he never would let up until it was accomplished. Once, and no fault of his, he had succeeded in adding greatly to the popularity of Chalier; and he suspected that, during the course of his talk with the magician at the Coffee Club, even now the latter might be formulating designs on his head.

"I asked if you had any suggestions to offer?" repeated Chalier, eyeing him craftily.

"Who—me?" asked Mark, absorbed it. his own gloomy forebodings. "Nay, nay! Not on Sunday!"

"The way you look now," commented the necromancer, "one would never suspect you of possessing a very fertile imagination."

"One wouldn't be far from the truth, either," Hoyt shot back. "Honest, Danny, you'd have to go a long way to find a case as stupid as I am."

Chalier smiled to himself. "Don't be too bonstiful, Marky," he admonished.

"Wonder what's getting into the boss' head, Billy?" asked Mark of that noteworthy, when Chalier had left him at the hotel, going himself to inquire if Madame Chalier was dressed for an auto ride.

Billy's face was a sideshow in itself, and Mark never lost interest in gazing into his sparkling, roguish eyes, and watching the movements of his waggish lips as he talked.

"I should know," quoth Billy, his eyes rolling. Dudgeonly. "Most any notion is liable to find lodging space in his dome. Has he been dropping hints?"

"None that I could repeat. But don't you know, there's a vague teaser hovering about in my belfry that he's going to donate a bit of citrus fruit to yours respectfully."

"Just what are you approaching, lad?"

"I only wish I knew. Whether from he's going to get for his new advance man?"

"Ho, ho! And is that what's gnawing you? Sort of like that spot for your—oh, eh?"

"Heavens, no," exclaimed Mark. "I'd rather wither away than receive a lemon of that brand."

"You're too fresh to dry up yet a while," added Billy good humoredly, "so let's hope it doesn't affect you that way. But you're a pretty good guesser, Mark," he added, "for unless Danny runs directly opposite to the line of talk I overheard him unwinding to the Mad ame that's exactly where your ticket reads."

"Is that on the level?" Hoyt asked apprehensively. "I just knew he was seeking a good opportunity to feel me out!"

"Bet your meal ticket it's what's what. But, man, what's eating you? It's no lemon; it's an extra juicy plum!"

"Yes," said Mark sarcastically, "a damson plum!"

And late that afternoon, when Chalier had returned from an exhilarating spin, Mark learned that Billy had spoken the truth.

"Yes," Chalier said, "I've been turning the thing over in my head for the last day or so, and I've come to the conclusion that it's the only logical answer."

"But I don't want the job," Hoyt pleaded. "I'd make a fizzle as an advance man. Why don't you employ somebody that knows the business?"

"Because there are darn few of that kind in these parts," Chalier replied, "and also because I believe that your brains need airing. So that settles it."

"I've got a good notion to quit on you," Mark replied to this, "but I won't. You've been too indulgent with me. But, believe me, I'll need an awful slew of coaching."

"Coaching nothing! Just bring your brains to bear on the work. You'll make out. I have faith in you."

"When am I to start?"

"Tomorrow morning. Dick Lane has covered the route up to Lambridge, the town where you made things hum last year. And, of course, you understand this means a raise? I won't give you as much as I did Lane, because you won't be worth it at first. But you will get your expenses, and will find an additional eagle in the paper bag each Saturday."

"I says too much for a greenhorn, but I'm not kicking," commented Hoyt. "When do you play Lambridge?"

"Four days from today—Thursday. It's to be a three-day engagement."

"And you have no hints to offer as to what I'm to do?"

"Nary a one, Mark. You're to put over any fool notion that strikes you, just so it's on this side of fine or imprisonment."

Next morning Mark rose early, went to one of the big department stores, blew himself to a late-cut suit of clothes and a traveling bag, and returned to the hotel to make preparations for his departure on the nine-five.

After receiving a few necessary instructions from Chalier—regarding the route of the tour and the arrangements that had been made for "paper"—and a wad of expense money such as would befit the pocketbook of an Indian Maharaja, he departed for the station, accompanied by his friend Billy.

"Yes, Billy," he grieved burlesquely, while waiting for the train, "the wheel stopped spinning, the ball dropped into the thirteenth hole and—I'm it."

"So I observe," remarked Billy dryly. "Well, I wish you the best of luck, old scout, and all that sort of thing."

"Can that, you wag. I want more than well-wishing, chummy. I want you to get your mental cogwheels spinning and slip me some of the glib you turn out. I'm up a tree, Billy. I don't know the first rules of this game and I've got to have help."

"Well," said Billy, "I don't see what I can do for you. If any little notion strikes my fancy I'll see that you get the benefit of it. But you'll find out that the change of surrounding'll more than form or Marky can. He quirked his left and started down the aisle. Just as he was about to sink into a seat, his eye chanced to wander to the ticket-window agent, and he changed his mind and hastened down to where Mark was sitting.

"Hello, stranger!" he greeted. "Traveling alone—and at your age?"

Mark looked up and, immediately recognising the owner of the voice, moved in toward the window and said:

"Well, Walter, old scout! Glad to see you! Sit down and make yourself at home. I haven't seen you for a couple of years. What you doing now?"

Clay Tooker dropped into the proffered seat. He was an old friend of Hoyt's—he had worked in the same store in their home town.

"I've got what you'd call a real job now," he offered. "I'm traveling for Moss & Butterworth."

"Not the wholesale jewelers?" queried Mark.

"The same. Have to pack quite a bit of valuable baggage around with you."

"That's what. See that valise?" He pointed to the monogramed bag. "It's plumb full of junk—watches, gold plate and the like. And it's heavy as old dickens. I don't carry the most valuable samples in it, tho'," he added, confidentially. "I keep them with me myself. But you haven't said a word about yourself yet. What line are you in?"

And Mark related to his salesman friend some of his adventures while in the employ of Chalier and the events which had brought about his promotion to the post of publicity director.

"Well, well," chuckled Tooker. "Mark Hoyt a publicity man! Who would the folks at home think about it? But, by the way, Mark, what's your destination?"

"Lambridge."

"Mine, too," volunteered the jeweler enthusiastically, "but I have to go to Boxon first to see an uncle of mine who lives there. Boxon is about ten miles beyond Lambridge. What hotel are you going to put up at?"

"The Breen House, I suppose. That used to be about the only decent hostelry in town."

"Hm." Tooker thought for a moment. "Wonder if I could get you to do a favor for me, Mark?"

"Sure thing. Anything in my power."

"It's this: I thought I'd have time to run it on to Boxon, because I've got a good while awaiting me there. I'll be back in Lambridge by noon, and it'll be quite a little too much to ask you to take it to the Breen House for me and have the proper check put in the safe for me there? I'll come back on the 11:39 p. m."

"I'll take it for you," said Mark willingly, "if you aren't afraid to trust me with it."

"As if I would be!" scoffed Tooker. "But on the level, old top, I'd be ever so much obliged."

So, his own bag in one hand, Tooker's sample case in the other, Mark alighted from the train at Lambridge that afternoon, and as he walked up the main street toward the Breen House, where he had found satisfactory lodging last year, he was much impressed by the changes on which had come over the sleepy little town.

There didn't seem to be any more or higher buildings than there were before, but what attracted his attention was the invasion of the "movies." He passed three theatres of the cinematograph on his way to the hotel. The year before moving pictures had been a thing unheard of in Lambridge, save for a few straggling one-night-standers with battered projectors and streaked films.

"And it strikes me that three is just about all this burg will stand for," he

The Pair Betook Themselves Down the Street as Tho the Entire Police Force Was at Their Heels.

WE SHALL REMEMBER THEM

[illegible]

...again ventured to watch him, ... out of sight. In wonderment he ... and trudged up the stairs. He found the room to be fairly comfortable after its ...

[illegible]

... when he turned in his seat, two ... man gesticulating wildly at the back of ...

"Say, this is growing irksome," he muttered, his eyes still focused on the ...

[illegible]

... squeal of disapproval from its ... fied owner.

... break my arm!" came in a wild half-... voice from the man sitting be-...

[illegible]

... And ... tion."

... a thought ... It would be to ... in their wake, straight down the ...

[illegible]

money pocket, then turned to watch the fleeing pair vanish round a corner.

"Well, of all the holdups I ever heard of!" exclaimed the flabbergasted publicity engineer. "They let my money be and made away with a three and a half beaner! A hat! What the deuce do they want with it?"

Then, still wondering, but realizing that it would be futile to pursue them, Mark retraced his steps to the one of the wider, better-lighted streets.

"And in the theater!" he suddenly remembered. "Is it possible that it was my hat that goop was after, when I found his hairy forearm sticking thru under my seat? Considering what's just happened, I'll stake my necktie that it was. But why, why, why? And they seemed awfully anxious to get it. Went to all manner of trouble about it. But their motive?"

In one of the darkened display windows of a drygoods store Hoyt caught a reflection of himself. "Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "Maybe I'll interest and extradite some of the Lambridge real estate from my agents. They'll be taking me for a land grabber."

And, doing the best he could, considering that he had no comb, he slapped the dust from his clothes and tried to smooth down his rumpled hair. "I'd look better if I could wash," he mused after a casual survey of himself in the window. "Otherwise I'm all right. It's me for the Breen House now."

But he decided to make his way there by a roundabout route and not keep himself much in the public eye. So he turned back once more to the unlighted [illegible] and, [illegible] at the watch. It was ten-[illegible], and after fifteen minutes of walking, Mark turned into the street on which was situated the Breen House.

As he approached its lighted front he went a little cautiously, and peered inside to see if there were many folks lingering about the lobby. But the lobby was empty save for the imperturbable Mr. [illegible].

Mark walked boldly in and had passed the proprietor's desk on his way to the stairs. But he turned and approached the desk when Graham called:

"Oh, Mr. Hoyt!"

"Yes?" replied Mark sheepishly.

"What on earth have you been trying to do with yourself this evening?"

"Nothing. Why?" grinned the pub-[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"That's what I [illegible]

brought to him were fresh questions to answer.

"Who had returned his hat to the hotel? Graham had said that the returner had known he roomed there. Mark could not think of any one who might know him. Could it have been one of those two? Amid such an array of perplexing riddles the young publicity man almost have finally succumbed to the call of sleep, for he bounced up from his chair with a start when he heard feet rushing pell-mell up the stairs.

A hurried knock sounded on his door, and he darted across to it.

"Who is it?" he questioned cautiously before unbolting it.

"That you, Mark?" came in a very familiar voice from the hall outside. And Hoyt threw open the door.

"Tooker!" ejaculated Hoyt, as he of that name stumbled into the room and sank into the chair Mark had just vacated. "I thought you had entrained for Sales already."

The latter's face was pasty white. His demeanor proclaimed that he was considerably upset over something. In a moment he found his voice. "Mark, it's gone!" he exclaimed.

"Gone? What on earth do you mean? Have you been up against a holdup too?"

"What! Well I should think I have. I can see where I wander the streets in search of work!"

"Eh? What are you getting at? Some-

A Gentleman in a New Soft Hat, Removed the Hat From His Head, Turned Back the Lining and Exposed the Corners of Five Greenbacks.

thing serious happened?" Mark solicitously inquired.

"Serious! I wonder!" Clay laughed nervously. "Mark, somebody has succeeded in walking away with my bag of samples."

"What!"

"It's true. Some one came in less than an hour ago, representing himself to be me, and that flat-head of a Graham handed my bag over to him without a question. It means the can sure for me. Why, man, there was seven hundred dollars worth of gold and silver plate and watches in that bag!"

"Oh Lord!" sympathized Hoyt. "And they got away with it! Have you turned in an alarm to the police?"

"Not yet. And I don't suppose it would do any good anyway. I thought I'd talk to you first. Didn't know but you might have made a mistake and given Graham your hat instead of mine. They were somewhat similar." He was badly flurried.

"I wish to Moses I had," observed Hoyt, who was thinking rapidly and to some purpose now. "But there's no hope for you in that line. See, here's my bag." And he drew it into sight from under the dresser.

"Well, my broth is spilled," lamented Tooker. "If I'd only come here first instead of going on to Monona, it would never have happened. I had no business going there at all, anyway. But don't think that I hold you accountable for the loss. It's all my own fault and I'll do the suffering."

"I wonder," said Mark under his breath, then a little louder, "I wonder!" And his earnestness caused Tooker to look sharply into his face, as the ascalculating some magic word that would restore the bag and its contents to him.

"What do you wonder, Mark?" he asked in despair. "Say something—anything to relieve the suspense!"

"I'm afraid what I was thinking won't have much effect in that way," mused Hoyt, half aloud. "But what I was wondering was if my encounter with a couple of half-witted thugs this evening had anything to do with your loss."

"Your encounter?" gasped Clay Tooker. "Do you mean to say you have been up against something too?"

"Have I?" muttered Mark reminiscently. "And I'm wondering if I didn't fall into a pudding that had been especially prepared for you."

"Tell me about it," pleaded Tooker. "Anything to get my mind off that bag."

So Mark launched into a lucid account of all that had transpired since his arrival at the Breen House. When he got to the affair of the attempt on his hat in the theater and the mention of the name, Quincey, Tooker was instantly on the alert, and interrupted the press agent with

"Of course. It's all as plain as day. Those scoundrels must have seen you get off the train, and seeing Moss and Butterworth's monogramed bag in your hand, took you for me. And your mention of Quincey. That was the name of the man who held my job before I got it. He was discharged for something or other, and I have never seen him to my knowledge, nor he me. That would account for his mistaking you for me. That's the straight of it, all right."

"Then," put in Mark, "maybe you can account for his keenness to get at my hat?"

"Why sure. Nothing simpler in the world. I have a special pouch sewn into the crown of my hat in which I carry the smaller, more valuable samples—diamond rings, unmounted stones and so forth. The firm has been having its salesmen take that precaution for some time now. They consider things safer there than in their salesmen's pockets. The least likely place to look for anything valuable, you know."

"Oh!" gulped Mark in sudden comprehension. He went on with his adventures and when he was done with them added: "Then, when they got away with my hat and found my name inside, they realized they had been after the wrong man. Knowing that the bag was still at the hotel—they had seen me give it to Graham—they decided that you weren't on hand yet, and that, inasmuch as they had failed to get away with the more valuable stuff, they might as well make a try for the contents of the bag."

"Exactly," coincided Tooker.

"And no wonder they didn't stop to search my pockets for money when they grabbed the hat. They considered themselves lucky to lay hands on it."

"True. But that doesn't get us any nearer the recovery of my bag."

"No, I'm afraid so," replied Hoyt thoughtfully, but—

"And the first thing in the morning I'm going to wash the hair tonic out of an ass I made of myself. Of course, it will mean that I get fired, but—"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Mark spoke up sharply. "What are you thinking of. Allow yourself a little time to recover the bag before you hasard your job. By Jove!" and Mark's speech trailed off in a long chuckle.

"What do you see funny in it?" demanded Tooker.

"Nothing for you, Clay. Remember the old saying that it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good? Well, that's the case right now. I've been tearing myself to pieces trying to rig up a publicity stunt. I get tangled up in your disaster, and I'm hanged if I don't mail my scheme ready made! Excuse me while I go and send a telegram. I'll be right back."

Mark found the office open and a sleepy operator sent humming over the wires to Los Angeles.

"Chalier:—Lambridge Opera House will hold 1,200 dollars. Shall I spend 250 to practically fill the house three times? Hoyt."

Mark returned light-heartedly to his room. "Now, Clay," he advised, "there's no use our fretting any more to-night. If we get a good sleep we can both do wonders in the morning. Turn in and forget it till daylight. I'm going to bed myself. It won't do you any good to worry."

So Tooker, promising to try and sleep, and thanking his friend for his interest and advice, turned from the room.

"Wish I could do something for him," cogitated Mark when he was alone. "I consider myself in a way responsible. I should have described Tooker to Graham. Then he couldn't have made the mistake he did. But my own little idea! It looks fine, and it sure ought to pan out well—but will it?"

Shortly after this remark Hoyt pulled the covers well up over himself, turned on his side and was asleep. He was at seven o'clock the next morning, downstairs [illegible]

"I hope Chalier doesn't balk at that two-fifty," he muttered. "But I'll know [illegible] It ought to be here this morning.

He entered the office. "Message for me?" he asked.

"Under the name?" inquired the operator.

"No." Hoyt returned the publicity [illegible] "Why? You got one for Clay Tooker, too? He stops at my hotel. [illegible] for each you. You'll find it [illegible] when you see him, will you, please."

"Sure," said Mark, going outside. He opened the manila envelope the operator had handed him and read the all-sufficient one-word message from Chalier: "Sure."

"Characteristic enough of Danny," he observed, and immediately his mind shifted to a shop where he might have letter-duplicating done.

The proprietor had just opened up and after reading the brief letter Mark wrote out on scratch paper, declared he could have five thousand circulars duplicated and ready for delivery by night. Hoyt departed for the postoffice.

He handed the proprietor the sheets of stamps. "Have these stuck on five thousand envelopes, the envelopes addressed to the list of names I'll submit to the city directory I see there, and have a form letter inserted in each envelope—printed matter, you know. Deliver now morning's city mail delivery and—name your price."

"Forty dollars," promptly spoke up the bewildered printer.

"Good!" approved Mark, paying a deposit. "I'll be back to-night."

In a nearby haberdashery he exchanged nine dollars for three soft hats. Then he went to the bag store his aunt had returned to the Breen House.

Tooker was in the lobby and Mark told Mark he intended to retire early. "Have a good night's sleep, Mark," awaited him. Clay at once sped off, and Mark went up to his room and put the hats away in the five dress trunk drawers.

He had hardly settled himself to a smoke when the door was thrust open and Tooker entered, all excitement, bright-eyed.

"What's the good news?" queried Mark, offering a cheroot and a duplicate of the Havana he was smoking.

"Read this; it's from the firm," advised the jewelry salesman, shoving into Mark's hand a telegram form on which the astonished press agent read:

"Tooker:—Have fired office boy. He got smart and sent you off with a bag of scrap iron. Owned up when I found the sample case you should have taken.

Am expressing game to Lambridge. Ship the other cage back Saturday."—Mark.

"What do you think about that?" asked the delighted Tooker.

"What do I think?" returned Mark, handing the message back. "I think it's up to you to find that trick-playing office boy a new job. You're mighty lucky to get out of it that easily. You only have to stand the expense of a new case—four or five dollars. Say, Tooker," he roared, "how do you suppose Quincey and his pal took it? A bag of scrap iron! No wonder it was heavy. Hey, George, Clay! If you aren't the luckiest—Look! Out of this window—across the street—in that garbage can without a lid—if that isn't your monogramed——"

But Tooker was out of the room and down the stairs before the sentence was concluded.

Thursday at noon a large gathering watched a gentleman in a new soft hat stop before the lobby of the Lambridge Opera House, remove the hat from his head, turn back its lining and expose the corners of five greenbacks. Replacing his hat on his head, he entered the theater, and came forth a minute or two later, bareheaded. The ticket window was suddenly thrown open and the sale of seats for the engagement of Chalier, the Western Wizard, was on.

The gentleman who had come forth hatless was Mark Hoyt. He smiled to himself as he watched a line of individuals surge up to the window, money in hand, and come one by one away with a dollar and a half bill, or four-bit ticket, as the case might be. Then he returned to the hotel.

The train did not arrive on schedule that afternoon, so Chalier and his company had little time to spare in setting the stage for that night's show.

"By Mercury!" exclaimed Chalier as he took Hoyt by the hand. "The box-office man says the house is nearly sold out already for all three performances. How did you do it? I've seen no big ads up."

"Publicity," quoted Hoyt, using a word of four syllables, meaning the gentle art of arousing in the minds of persons with the price the most enthusiasm at the least outlay. As a corollary I have decided that the person with the price is always willing to add to his increment, hence——" He handed the magician one of the letters he had had prepared. "It's only an elaboration of the prize game, banny—suggested by my own experience. Thought I'd try out the merits of the circular letter scheme instead of the newspapers."

The letter Chalier perused read as follows:

The Hat With the Silver Lining.

"Thursday, Friday and Saturday noons, an absent-minded gentleman, who invariably carries fifty dollars in paper money in the lining of his hat, will enter the Lambridge Opera House where Chalier, the Western Wizard, will play these three evenings. He will pick a seat at random, hang his hat, the money still under its lining, in the wire holder and depart bareheaded, forgetting all about his hat. Whoever is fortunate enough to occupy, at the evening performance, the seat chosen by this philanthropist is hereby authorized to keep the hat and the money. Tickets should be secured early to avoid disappointment."

"Mark, you're a wonder," complimented Chalier. "I knew you had the makings in you."

Billy sidled up to the newly appointed publicity man. "Wasn't I right about new surroundings?" he asked, and when Mark nodded assent he went on knowingly. "But it takes brains to make a publicity man."

"Insect brains!" snorted Mark Hoyt.

* * *

Declined the Luna Route.

THE Congressional Record is anything but light reading. Once in a while, however, one meets with something in it which must have caused the eternal vinage among our Representatives to relax a little; for instance, the story told by Mr. Stevenson, "the gentleman from South Carolina," while speaking in favor of a bill to increase the salary of mail carriers, not of whom were reported to be resigning their positions on account of the high cost of living and finally of the suspension cut of the compensation received. A negro was standing an examination for the position of rural free delivery carrier. Among other questions written for him to answer was the poser:

"What is the distance between the earth and the moon?" His prompt but indignant reply was: "See heah! If you's a-going to put me on dat route, I quit right now."

* * *

Home Not the Same.

A DISTRICT visitor recently went to the house of a notorious drinker and asked wife about husband, she did not keep her husband from the public house.

"Well, she answered, "I have done my best, ma'am, but 'e will go there."

"Why don't you make your home look more attractive?"

"I'm sure I've done my best and tried 'ard to make it 'omelike," was the reply. "I've took up the parlor carpet, sprinkled sawdust on the floor and put a barrel of beer in the corner. But it ain't made a bit of difference."

A Grimy Panel.

THE boy who did janitor work for the confectionery store was red headed and pug nosed. He aimed to do his work and maybe he would have done even a trifle more if Duffie had not restrained from airy persiflage. Duffie was fat and, the red headed boy asserted, fatheaded. It stood to reason that no mere Duffie could give him orders, especially as the latter young gentleman occupied the same position in the dry goods and notion store that the red-headed boy did in the candy shop.

It was a sunny morning and all down the business street windows were being cleaned and the walks were trickling with running water. There was a two foot raised panel on the white brick tiling wall extending down to the sidewalk which marked the division between the dry goods store and the candy shop and town. This panel Duffie and Casey of the red hair merrily sloshed along. No, the panel really belonged to neither store.

A psychologist might decide whether silence having prevailed, that panel would have been scoured of its winter grime by blithe boy cheer, or by the thoroughness in all things, or by fat young Duffie, who when once put into motion, traveled on "as the mountain goeth to Mohammed."

"Hurry up!" grinned Duffi to the red headed boy. "I'm going to beat you. Yagot that panel to wash, you know!"

There was a quaver of doubt in his voice which the boy was quick to build to observe in his instant indignation.

"Say!" he spat out. "Who do you think you are? Me wash your panel! I guess not!"

"Betcha do!" insisted Duffie firmly. "Right 'n' I started it and Casey 'n' I'll help you. Casey, you're fired!" said Duffie in injured tones

"Huh!" said Casey defiantly.

"Huh!" said Duffie, and the two boys set to work washed and scrubbed carefully and with great vigor each white tile on his store front until he arrived at the edge of the disputed panel, once more he cleared his throat. Young Mr. Duffie likewise used special elbow grease until he attained the opposite edge of the tile, and then retired. With precise care each gentleman gathered up his pails, rags and brushes and scrubbing boards, and silently departed into his respective store while Duffie both loudly and out of tune, [illegible] where attaches of both offices were applauding the work and glanced out his windows idly. "I see they're starting to wash that tile front," he said to his assistant. "Say," he exclaimed a second later, "why did they leave that paneled strip between those two stores unwashed? It is a blot on the whole affair."

He was so irritated that he spoke to the confectionery store owner when he went in for a cool drink.

"Casey!" ordered the candy man later to his redheaded employe, "get that paneled strip washed out in front washed!"

"Yes, sir!" said Casey.

"Duffie," said the dry goods store owner, who had surveyed his own frontage with sharp eyes. "I wagt that paneled strip washed next the window."

"Yes, sir!" agreed Duffie frowning.

The morrow's sun shone down on an unwashed strip and ,so did the near morrow's. A new dentist on the other side of the doctor across the street was indignant over the botchy piece of work. The dentist's wife, a member of the relief committee, told them about it when they met at her house and every woman agreed that something must be done to keep up the looks of the street. One of them said her husband, being an alderman, certainly could do something and maybe he could introduce an ordinance. The doctor decided he would boycott the candy store man, and the candy store man, looking again at the grimy panel, entered his store with a rush and yelled for Casey.

"Casey," he said, "I told you to work, you're fired!" he ended.

"Yes, sir," agreed Casey, collected his wages and left the store beside he ran into Duffie. He was not grinning. "Lost my job over your fool panel," he growled. "It's your fault."

"Huh!" growled Casey morosely. With one accord they turned to glare at the offending wall. Suddenly Duffie's grimy panel of dispute was neatly pasted a beautiful Red Cross poster and the man who had posted it was vanishing down the street.

"Gee!" grinned Casey. "The old man can't tell me to wash that off! Guess I'll go back and get my job again."

"Well," said Duffie, smiling broadly. "I don't mind if I do, too! Say, I'll help you when it's time to scrape that off!"

And that was the end of the great excitement on that street over the Unwashed Panel

* * *

Frank Talk.

"I'll pay you what you are worth," said the farmer.

"I don't think we can come to terms," said the wayfarer. "I have never worked for as little as that."

Old Town Changes

"WHY, Isabel!" exclaimed the hostess as she greeted the red-belted girl. 'Aren't you back from the country awfully early? You look rested and refreshed, of course, as if you'd had a regular vacation, but your stay was short."

"Uh, huh," said Isabel. "Maybe I didn't get the common or garden variety of vacation—and that is no pun on war gardening, either—but it was pretty good. It was funny, too, everything considered.

"Of course, you know that I went back to the old home town in order to recuperate from an excess of war work during the winter. My hours at the Red Cross tearoom and the Sailors' Club and the surgical dressings were rather strenuous, to say nothing of knitting every spare minute. So I did not take an inch of wool with me, or a needle, and I packed a lot of scandalous novels in my cute little steamer trunk.

"Browntown, you know, has only about 500 people and most of them are natives, so my chances for relaxation seemed very good, indeed, especially as I had always pictured the old town as peaceful and even positively somnolent, just as it always was, with nothing more militant than the echo of the battle done and the drone of the sawmill.

"I got the first shock the very instant I stepped off the train. A girl with a box of ribbons came and pinned one on me. It was that day for some belligerent cause or other. When I got into the stage the woman next me was knitting, a sock and she pulled out her work and needles just as they do on street cars. And every time the bus jolted she dropped a stitch and asked me to pick it up for her, because she could not see very well.

"When I got to my grandmother's place I found that grandma had been out weeding her war garden and was so fascinated that she had been late to the train. My first dinner introduced me to a new kind of flourless bread and some vegetables that grew where her marigolds used to be.

"Well, I saw right away that a change had come over Browntown. It was busy. My dear ancestor actually left my breakfast on the table and went to call Annabee, and little Gideon Grubb, who lived next door, woke me early by practicing bugle calls on a tin trumpet. Goldie Grubb, his sister, who used to spend most of her time hanging around the soda fountain in Jones' drug store, was learning stenography in order to enlist as a yeowoman, and asked me whether I'd mind dictating a letter for an hour every day.

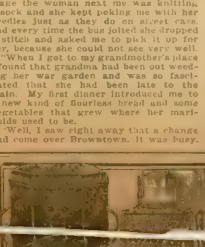
"I think it was the first afternoon that a representative of the Ladies' Aid came and asked me to talk to them on war work that was being done in the city, and the second day the minister called and asked my advice about becoming an army chaplain.

"Then old Aunty Bates, the one who used to do such beautiful tatting, couldn't wait to have me teach her how to knit twin socks. You see, they thought I was sort of an authority on war in general, Gideon Grubb even wanted me to teach him military drill, and his father asked me whether there were any improved war time methods for milking cows. The editor of the weekly Trumpet wanted an article from my pen and everybody was hopefully looking forward to my talk to the Red Cross workroom and knitting bee. Altogether it was very restful!"

"Perfectly grand!" said the sympathetic hostess. "But I don't suppose there's much excitement nowadays anywhere in the land unless it's a sanitarium. Why don't you try one, Isabel?"

"I might," said Isabel. "They're probably the busiest places on earth. They set me to knitting socks as soothing occupation for them. I've had enough vacation, anyway. Besides, it did one good thing for me—it gave me a lot more enthusiasm!

"It cheered me up to see the way people in Browntown are working. Why, just think, if they're doing that all over the country we're bound to win the war! I guess enthusiasm is better than rest, anyway. Will you hand me my knitting bag, Jane? I think I'd better get to work again."



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Artcraft stove, different from anything you ever saw. Handsome as stand [illegible] Has [illegible] Made of [illegible] Ornamental [illegible] Has [illegible] Burns [illegible] Has [illegible] Burns [illegible] Has [illegible] Burns

Couldn't Spell It.

In the spelling list of a class in a certain Indianapolis school were the words singing and singeing. The class was asked to write sentences using three [illegible] meaning of each. One little fellow, Robert, wrote:

"The Italians are a singing nation."

The allies will soon be singeing the beard of the Kaiser."

With sideward glances he watched his teacher mark his paper and timidly asked:

"Is it all right?"

"Yes," she said, "but the Kaiser has no beard, he has a mustache."

"I know, I know, but I wanted 100 on my paper, and I couldn't spell mustache."

The Unknown Quantity

[illegible] interrupted his older and [illegible] companion. "Don't bet that she will ever do anything. You can never tell what a woman will do. [illegible] was going to bet that she would do the unexpected."

"Don't," repeated the elder earnestly. "Even that is no safe bet."

They Got It All.

Archbishop [illegible], of New York, after staying at a hotel, had an extortionate bill presented to him by his host, who, after receiving payment, solicitously inquired if his lordship had enjoyed the change and rest.

"No, I have had neither," replied the archbishop, "the waiter had the change, and you've had the rest."

The Dentist's Troubles.

The dentist has his troubles.

After working on a woman who had an extravagant coiffure to impede his progress and handicap his manipulations, [illegible] advertising department, sighed his relief and motioned for her to arise.

The woman pulled herself together, looked into a mirror, and then again seated herself in the chair.

"I am all thru with your teeth," the dentist told her.

"I know," the woman answered, "but aren't you going to fix up my hair?"

That's So.

Father looked up from his perusal of [illegible] other.

"The reading this morning is awful. [illegible]"

Before mother could reply little Willie chipped in:

"They might be, if they had a proper [illegible]"

Getting Even.

Willis—"Did you plant a garden this year?"

Gillis—"Yes. Then the fellow next door decided to keep chickens."

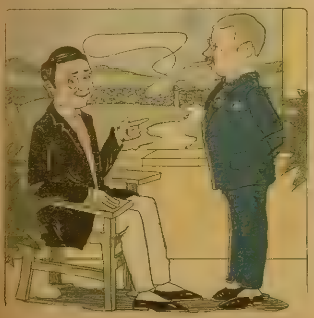
Willis—"What did you do?"

Gillis—"I bought the lot on the other side of him and I'm going to raise chickenhawks."

Her Object.

"Gladys changed countenance when I saw her at the beauty doctor's."

"Naturally, that is what she went to the beauty doctor for."



Two bankers were talking about a financier who had failed.

[illegible] asked the first.

"Exactly like a man," the second answered. "He blamed it on his extravagant wife."

Its Class.

She—I heard a noise very late when you came in.

He (facetiously)—Was it the night falling?

She (sternly)—No, it was the day breaking.

He (nervously)—"Er—er—Margaret, there's something been trembling on my lips for the last two months."

She—"So I see. Why don't you shave it off?"

TO ARCADIE!

The pompous ceremonial o'er
My bride and I walk to the door

The organ thunders Mendelssohn
We heed it not, for now, alone

We twain at last away shall fare—
[illegible]

"Where to?" the chauffeur calls to me.
I, reckless, answer, "Arcadie!"

The Kaiser's Last Word.

[illegible], the novelist, put down a German newspaper at the Century Club in New York with an impatient grunt.

"It says here," he explained, "that it is Germany who will speak the last word in this war."

Then the novelist laughed angrily and added:

"Yes, Germany will speak the last word in the war, and that last word will be 'Kamerad'"

Her Preference.

Photographer—"Which side of your face would you rather have shown in the picture?"

Girl—"The outside, of course. I'd look nice distributing X-ray pictures of myself around, wouldn't I?"

Letting the Cat Out of the Bag.

Pretty but Austere Matron (to young man, who has refused a cocktail)—You are a man after my own heart!

Young Man (facetiously)—Yes, but I thought it was a secret!

No Reason at All.

"Did she give any reason for rejecting you?"

"Reason? No. That's the woman of it. Simply said she didn't love me."

Its Sort.

What kind of a dinner was it that the Teamsters' Association gave?

"I guess it was a la cart."

Not Musical.

A Western settler went to the nearest township and purchased a music stool, taking it home with him in his trap. In a few days however, he brought it back and demanded the money paid as the stool was no good at all. The shopkeeper examined it and said it was in perfect order and that it should not be thrown on his hands.

"Well," said the settler, "I took it home careful and I gave it a turn, and every one of the children gave it a turn, and never a tune could one and all of us screw out of it. It is no more a music stool than the four-legged washing stool the missus puts her tub on."

The Turtle's Choice

The auto had skidded and upset. An Irishman [illegible] to another [illegible] "What's the excitement, Pat?"

"Shure, an automobile has turned turtle."

[illegible] "Bedad [illegible] it chose a mud puddle."

One of the Shut-Ins.

"I have just received a letter from my boy, who is now in France."

"How's he getting along?"

"Very well, but I'm afraid his work at the front is rather confining."

"You are joking, ain't you?"

"Nope. He's a member of a tank crew."

Art Is [illegible]

The Victim—"You have [illegible] on your [illegible] which [illegible] that you are a 'tonsorial artist.'"

The Barber—"Yes, sir."

The Victim (viewing his gashed face in the glass)—"Have it changed to impressionist."

He [illegible] the Strength.

[illegible]

The Lucky Man.

Gwen—I hear that Fanny Forty-odd is to be married. Who is the happy man?"

Grace—"Why, her father."

More Truth Than Poetry.

The nurse in a well-to-do family overheard the little son of the house telling his sister how he had hid behind the portiere and spied on big sister and her beau.

"Oh, tell me what they did," cried little sister.

"It was such fun," chuckled the boy. "The big chump flopped down on his knees and then he said: 'Answer me, Clara; I can bear this expense no longer.'"

Hadn't Suspected It.

The Sub—"I say, Sergeant Major, do you realize that that chap with the barrow is a member of an archaeological society?"

The Sergeant Major—"Well, sir, 'e may be what you say. Personally I've always found 'im quiet and well behaved."

A Mistake.

[illegible] for the [illegible]

"A hard drinker like he is wouldn't be of any use as a soldier."

"Why, I thought they were making a lot of use of tanks over there."

Slow Service.

"What's the matter with that battery?" demanded the Colonel. "They are not serving the guns rapidly enough."

"Old habits, I guess," responded the captain. "Manned by waiters, sir."

Rhyming Word Puzzle.

87—I am a word of four letters. Each number represents a letter
My first is in sing, but not in play;
My second's in night, but not in day;
My third is in four, but not in five;
My fourth is in walk, but not in drive.
My whole is cold and yet 'tis true,
Earth's blanket is, the winter thru.

Live Embers.

88—1. What is the ember of the expiring year?
2. What is the ember of recollection?
3. What is the saddest ember of the year?
4. What is the ember of organization?
5. What is the ember of the harvest?
6. What is the ember of separation?
7. What is the ember of Civil War officers?

Jumbled Fruits.

89—1. Irebrestwasr. 2 Reiscerh. 3. Lepapepin. 4. Nansaba. 5. Sengaro. 6. Treflagpru.

Beheadings and Curtailings.

90—(Beheading is to take away the first letter of a word; to curtail is to take away the last letter.)

1. I am what the boys and girls of yesterday carried to school with them. Behead me and I am tardy. Behead me again and I will be the past tense of eat. Curtail me and I will be a preposition.

2. I am a word meaning sharp. Behead me and I will be clever. Curtail me and I'll become a verb meaning to hew.

3. I am a word meaning to talk idly. Behead me and I am a fixed price. Curtail me and I am an animal of the mouse family.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

83. Palindromes.

1. Lever, revel. 2. Seton, notes. 3. Leper, repel. 4 Lager, regal. 5. Devil, lived. 6. Draws, sward. 7. May, yam. 8 Dennis, sinned. 9. Liar, rail. 10. Rood, door. 11. Mood, doom. 12. Red rum, murder.

84. Mixed Sweets.

The candy man's mixture of fifty pounds contained thirty pounds of the 20-cent sort and twenty pounds of the 30-cent sort, thus costing him $12. He sold the lot at 30 cents a pound, or $15, a profit of twenty-five per cent.

85. Authors, Well Known.

Day, Wright (right), Cook, Scot (t), Glasgow, London, Bacon, Lamb, Green, Ward, Bacheller (bachelor), Smiles, Bar (r), Chambers, Grand, Read (e), Page, Lytton (lit on), Carroll (carol), Paine (pain), Hawthorne, Hardy, Fox, Smart, Cooker, Beach, White, Garland, Harte (heart), Swift, Twain, Howitt (how it), Hope, Black.

86. Name Puzzle.

Ben-jam-in.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Then Charged It.

Mrs. Willers—"How did you get this lovely material for 29 cents a yard?"

Mrs. Datus—"We mobilized outside the store, marched in wedge formation and surrounded the bargain counter by a flank movement."

"These eggs are strictly fresh? You are quite sure?"

"Yes, sir. The chef boiled them for himself and hadn't time to eat them, sir."

A CHANGE OF TASTE

When Phyllis with her coat of tan
And bronzed cheek comes back to me,
Tho I'm a truly temperate man
[illegible]
[illegible]
My arm about her [illegible] waist,
While "cold, gray dawns" I can't abide
I rather like the "dark-brown taste."
—A Sufferan Mann

Please, Mr. Hoover!

"These meatless days, wheatless days and so forth are all right so far as they go."

"You wouldn't care to see the idea carried out any further, would you?"

"I certainly would. I'd like to see one bill-less day a week."

An Equivalent.

Johnson—Did she turn you down, old man?

Jackson—Practically. She said we couldn't marry until I had collected all the money friends have borrowed from me.

Quite So.

"That was a speaking likeness of the mint in the paper the other day."

"Is 'speaking' quite the right word to use in connection with the picture of a building?"

"Sure; doesn't money talk?"

A Prophet Without Honor.

Mrs. Flubdub—I'm afraid it's going to rain today.

Mr. Flubdub—Oh, I think not. I just saw the weather man going down the street with an umbrella.

One Is Enough.

Eva—"Does your husband worry about the bills?"

May—"No, he says there's no use in [illegible] worrying about the same things."

Too Eccecy.

Some one has advanced the opinion that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet, [illegible] never out of danger and in hell all the time. For some reason he overlooked the fortunates of the letter, so we call his attention to the fact "e" is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life and no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there would be no Germans, devils or news.

Tough on the Vegetarian

During recent maneuvers a captain [illegible]

[illegible] responded the sergeant [illegible] make any difference [illegible] vegetarian [illegible]

"Then," said the captain, "give him one day on meat and soup."

Evening Up Things.

"I have solved the crowded car problem!" exclaimed the jubilant street railway man.

"How?"

"We'll put a phonograph in each car and keep it playing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Then everybody'll have to stand up."

A Rich Air.

Grace—"I'd like to catch an old air I heard at the dance last night."

[illegible]

Grace—"A millionaire."

A Footballer Himself.

An Irishman and an Englishman sat together watching a socker match. Contrary to custom, the Englishman had a [illegible]

"I thought so," said the Irishman. [illegible]

[illegible] Inspector

A school [illegible]

[illegible] he said, drawing his finger across its surface.

"It's thicker than that, sir," calmly replied the master.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the inspector, glaringly.

"Well, you've—er—got your finger on the Sahara desert," came the reply.

Expert Prevaricators.

She—"Do you think that people are less romantic and imaginative after they are married?"

He—"I don't know about [illegible] part of it, but if they are [illegible] more imaginative."

"I'll pay you what you are worth," said the farmer.

[illegible] wayfarer. "I have never worked for as little as that."

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GENTLE JABS.

Coffee is like the earth—when it is grounds.

His shady character never kept a man cool.

If a man has a poor memory he should stick to the truth.

Beauty is often one woman's thorn in another woman's flesh.

The little word "but" blunts the point of many a good argument.

Time isn't always money to the man who does business on credit.

[illegible] upon [illegible]

[illegible] on earth the automobiles [illegible]

[illegible] a spoon [illegible] at once.

When Dame Fortune goes calling she utterly disregards "at home" days.

There are many kinds of foolishness, but the meanest kind is selfishness.

Any man who lives within himself is apt to be troubled with indigestion.

Lend a man a quarter today and he may strike you for a quarter tomorrow.

Many a man's popularity is due to what he doesn't say.

It's seldom the widow's fault if she remains inconsolable.

When a woman eats pickles she is in love—with the pickles.

A man's wealth brings him a lot of unhappiness if he loses it.

Never cry over spilled milk. There is enough water wasted as it is.

A cynic is a man who would make a fool of himself in the society he satirizes.

The man who marries a widow usually finds out that he is the successor to her ideal husband.

It seems that the butcher gets everything out of the steer but the bellows—and he gets that out of the customer.

If a man or a machine is unable to accomplish a task it should be turned over to a woman and a hairpin.

It's wrong to talk about a man behind his back. Talk about him in front of his back.

It is sometimes easier to apologize than it is to explain how you got that black eye.

Though the simpleton tries to kill two birds with one stone, the wise boy uses a shotgun.

The man who agrees with you in all things will at least be credited with having good judgment.

Your Kitchen in War Time

Economizing on the Little Things

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

IT'S the little things that count in this world, says an old saw. And it's the little things that count in your kitchen. The Great American Vice is extravagance. Before the war, we wasted food, we wasted clothing and we wasted our energy. Just now we are forced to economize, all three.

Physicians are we asked to conserve food, and there is no better way of saving than by watching the little leaks in the conduct of our kitchen. After you have finished frying ham and eggs or bacon, what do you do with the grease? Does it go into the garbage pail? If it does, you are helping the Kaiser. Fats are scarce. You should conserve every spoonful.

And this brings one to the discussion of fat meats. Physicians tell us very lean meats are uneconomical. The meat should have enough fat on it to roast or cook nicely, but no more, and in case there is an excess of fat on the meat, cut it off and render it. This will yield a few spoonfuls for cooking other things. Also as frequently happens, when soup is allowed to get cold, a film of fat arises to the surface. This should be skimmed off and used in frying meats or potatoes, or in cooking.

Sometimes, too, meats and vegetables are left after a meal is eaten. Of course, the best way to get around this difficulty is in not to cook more than is absolutely necessary, but there are times when the housewife cannot measure to a hairs-breadth the amount her family will eat and there are a few scraps of meat, some potatoes and vegetables left when the meal is finished. There are any number of ways in which these odds and ends can be utilized.

If you happen to have string beans, beets, carrots, green peas or any other vegetable left over, use them in a salad. Some very palatable table salads are made by combining these vegetables with tomatoes, celery, cucumbers or radishes, over this a French dressing or a simple boiled dressing is excellent.

If you have odds and ends of beef or pork left, combine with potato or cooked rice, add a little celery salt or even fine minced celery and put into green peppers from which the seeds have been removed. Then bake in the oven with little piece of bacon on the top. Hollowed tomatoes may be substituted for the green peppers, if preferred. When using the peppers for casings, you may boil in tomato sauce. This makes an excellent luncheon or supper dish.

Left over chicken may be utilized in any of a dozen ways. Ground and mixed with cornmeal, chopped with celery, minced green pepper and a raw egg, it can be made into croquettes. The breast of chicken can be cut into small pieces and served on toast with a hot cream sauce, to which bits of pimento have been added. Some people also like to add mushrooms to the creamed chicken, and it certainly is delicious.

Cold fried fish, such as halibut, salmon or cod may be mixed with celery, olives, green pepper and tomato and fixed as a salad with a mayonnaise dressing.

Stale white bread makes good toast. So does rye bread. Very old bread should be allowed to get dry, crumbled and then rolled into fine crumbs which may be used in making croquettes or in breading meats and vegetables. Old cake should be dried out, rolled into strips and toasted in the oven. It is delicious.

Truly there are many ways of utilizing left-overs and you should know them. Never let a scrap of meat, a spoonful of fat, a crust of bread or a bit of vegetable go to waste. Do not throw into the garbage pail. Remember the country is at war, and must not only feed its own people, but the soldiers and the people of its present allies. Every particle of food that you waste touches a man's stomach, which in turn means a lowering of morale, and hence a direct aid to the Kaiser.

Boning a Chicken.

IN BUYING birds for boning select those that are plump and well fleshed. Bone immediately after thawing, since remove pin feathers, head and feet and cut off wings close to body in small birds.

A well-known cook book gives the following directions for boning a chicken: Lay chicken on a board, breast down. Begin at neck with sharp knife, cut thru the skin the entire length of body. Scrape the flesh from the breast bone until end of one shoulder blade is found; scrape flesh from shoulder blade and continue carefully cutting and cutting thru tendinous portions which are encountered; then bone other side.

Scrape skin from backbone the entire length of body, working across the ribs. Free wishbone and collarbones, at same time removing crop and windpipe; continue down breastbone, particular care being taken not to break the skin, as it is a very near bone, even to delicate membranes which enclose entrails.

Scrape flesh from second joints and drumsticks, laying it back and drawing off as a glove may be drawn from the hand. Withdraw carcass and put flesh back in its original shape. In large birds, where wings are boned, scrape flesh to middle joint, where bone should be broken, leaving bone at tip to assist in preserving shape.

Tomatoes Stuffed.

SCALD the tomatoes in boiling water for a minute or two, then carefully remove skins. Cut a small piece off top of each and remove a little of the pulp. Put a spoonful of cowslip boiled, drained, chopped and mixed with a little of the white meat of the tomatoes and scatter the top thickly with fine crumbs seasoned with celery salt and cayenne. Spread a baking tin well with dripping, place tomatoes in it and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour.

Sit at Ironing Board.

MOST women find ironing a very backbreaking and tiring occupation. It may be made a restful occupation, freed from tired back and aching feet. This is accomplished by sitting in a comfortable chair and placing the ironing board low enough so that the knees pass easily under it. If one uses an electrically heated iron this is especially easy, as it is unnecessary to get up to change irons.

Corn Mixture.

CUT sweet corn from the cob to make two and one-half cups, put in omelet pan, add milk and cook slowly at low temperature for twenty-five minutes, stirring frequently. Season with oleomargarine, salt and pepper.

Popcorn Balls and Fritters.

AFTER the corn has been popped remove the unpopped grains, being sure to have only fine, large puffy ones. To 1 cup of corn stir 1 tablespoon vinegar. Boil together until it hardens when dropped in cold water. When ready pour corn over while hot. As soon as cool enough to handle, butter the hands well and form the mass into balls. For popcorn fritters, form the mass into flat, round cakes instead of balls.

Spinach Balls.

PRESS all possible liquid from one cupful cooked and chopped spinach, and reheat with 2 tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and 1 tablespoonful of cream. Season with salt, pepper and sugar, and add a little mace to suit the taste. Take from fire and add two well beaten eggs. Shape into balls with buttered spoons. Simmer in boiling water for five or six minutes. Drain and serve with brown sauce, to which a few capers may be added, if liked.

Marshmallow Dainty.

WHIP 1 cup of double or thick cream, then add ½ pound of marshmallows cut in quarters, and 1 can pineapple, cut in small pieces. Mix well. Dish out your vanilla ice cream in dainty glasses and pour over or cover the ice cream with above mixture. Serve with dainty frosted and decorated cup cakes. The marshmallow dainty may be served also without the ice cream, in dainty glasses.

Corn Oysters.

ONE cup raw corn, one-quarter cup corn flour, one egg, salt, pepper; grate uncooked corn from the cob. To one cup add egg, well beaten, flour and salt and pepper to season lightly. Drop from tip of tablespoon on to hot, well greased griddle. When well browned cook on other side.

Broiled Egg Plant.

PREPARE the egg plant over night, cutting in thick slices. In the morning wash and then pat dry. Brush well with melted shortening and then broil in the broiler until well browned on both sides, usually about twelve minutes.

Graham Puffs.

MIX one and one-half cups graham flour, one-half cup white flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one pint milk, one-quarter cup melted butter and two eggs beaten separately. Beat thorely and bake in hot buttered gem pans half an hour.

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Concluding a Story of Love and Mexican Intrigue

ROSE OF THE DESERT

By E. W. Bateman

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CHAPTER IX.

THEY ARE DRIVEN INTO THE TEMPLE

NIGHT birds were calling dismally thru the twilight as Manuel and I rode up to the gates of Durango. Before leaving our little camp I had instructed him fully as to his course. We tied our horses just a stone's throw outside the city, in a thicket of mesquite trees, and walked to the entrance nearest us. There was a peon sentry on duty, and Manuel followed my instructions to the letter.

"We go to buy food for our children, amigo," he said quietly to the man on duty. He looked us over casually, and saw a couple of stolid Indians, poorly dressed, without guns or burdens. He made the guess that we had hoped for —that we were campers outside the walls, and had come to buy beans. "Pass, hombres," he said, and we were within the walls of the city.

Under the shadow of the dark prison wall, we halted. "We part here, amigo, perhaps never to met again," I said. "Remember that you are to buy another horse from the money I have given you, and take the two tied in the thicket near the gate. Camp four days where the road turns north for Matalazan, from the road to old El Vallejo. You know the place well—near the mountains that rise from the plains and on their crest you look toward the Valley of the Sea."

He nodded.

"It is there I shall meet you with the princess, if we come again to you. When you have waited four days take a single horse and ride to our camp at the Saledo glen. I will go there if I am wounded. If you find me not there, take the three horses and ride to your people, with my blessings. You have served me as a brother."

I gripped his hand, and he bent his forehead to touch my open palm. Without a word or a look behind he turned away. I looked after him. He had gone quickly to hide his emotions.

Single-handed then, I faced the greatest task of all my life. I was going to

[illegible]

[illegible] darkened and almost de-

[illegible] Prisoners

are afoot there unless the guard [illegible] own lives well—I wondered whether the mad plot would easily succeed, or whether it would simply go the way of all my recent adventures. One thing I made sure. I sharpened my wits until I was sure that blunders would not prevent.

For weapons I had nothing but a knife. I had no pistol since my capture by Hansen, and I dared not risk a rifle. So I nursed a long, thin-bladed knife Manuel had given me, keeping it just under my left arm-pit, where I had kept my automatic.

I crept up to the prison walls and then around to its great gate, without being challenged by the guard. Then I stalked up boldly thru the darkness until I stood before him. He was wrapped in his coat, for it was drizzling rain.

"I come with a note to el capitan, from my commander, Colonel Valdez," I said quietly in Spanish.

He looked at me curiously, so suddenly had I appeared before him. Then he called out in Spanish to some one within the walls. And the sentry appeared. "Take him to Captain Morales," he said, and I followed him into Valdez's prison —a place where the colonel would have paid a pretty penny to have known I was venturing.

It was then I became alert to the last nerve in my body. It was with this man Morales that I had to reckon, whom I must outwit. I followed the sentry within the gloomy walls, that seemed doubly dark and drear as I thought of the princess being somewhere within the huge pile, helpless.

Captain Morales sat before me, in an ill-lighted office which was little better than a stable. In silence I handed him the note which I had saved since that day I had captured his native messenger. As he read it slowly—he must have been rather an ignorant man—I studied the prisoner keeper for Jose Valdez. He was a big, brutal-looking man of the middle-class type; the kind of Mexican who hated his peon and would ought to hide it; I had seen many like him in Mexico.

"And this note, amigo, it tells me that Jose Valdez trusts the bearer with anything. What means it?"

I leered at the Captain like an old friend of the Valdez regime. "You know well our leader, el capitan. He is what you great men say—a wise old ox. Colonel Valdez has a pretty birdling in your keeping, el capitan. It is for her that he sent." I winked knowingly and shrugged my shoulders at the captain. He sat, indecisively, studying my face. "Perhaps he is not so dense as I thought" was the thing that flashed thru my mind at that moment.

Read This First

MARION BURKE, a cattle rancher near Durango, Mexico, is captured by the soldiers of an Aztec princess, known as "Rose of the Desert," because of her beauty. Burke is questioned concerning the strength in soldiers and food supply of Valdez, a plundering tyrant who holds the city. Burke agrees to help a member of the princess' band ascertain the facts. In Durango Burke finds an aged man who has just been let out of Valdez's prison. Burke befriends the aged man and sends him to his cattle ranch. Later, Valdez finds that the old man was released by mistake, and offers a reward for the capture of Burke on a charge of spiriting the old man away. The man sent by the princess to spy on Valdez turns traitor and tries to get the reward, but Burke knocks him down, escapes to his ranch, and invites another bandit to come from the hills and live upon the ranch in order to keep Valdez and his army away. But the bandit from the mountains connives with Valdez and betrays Burke into his hands. The old man whom Burke had befriended dies, and leaves Burke some strange Aztec scrolls. After being wounded, Burke escapes the ranch, which is destroyed. After being nursed back to life by "Rose of the Desert," Burke becomes leader of her army. He captures a messenger carrying a note from Jose Valdez to Swede Hansen. Burke takes the place of the messenger and finds that Hansen, who is supposed to be leagued with the princess, is about to betray her into the hands of Valdez and carry out a plot to help Germany become ruler of the revolution-torn country. But Hansen finds Burke in a spy and sentences him to be shot to death. While Hansen goes to betray "Rose of the Desert" into the hands of Valdez, Burke gets the German death guard drunk and escapes. But he is too late, for the princess has fallen into the clutches of Valdez and Hansen.

The first installment of this story appeared in the Ledger No. 32, dated Aug. 10. You can obtain back copies either thru our agents or news dealers, or from office of publication

"Tell the Good Morales That the Lady Will Be Safer With Me," Said Our Colonel as I Left.

"If Jose Valdes sent you for the woman, why did he not name her in the note?" asked the warden.

I was ready for that question. I smiled again, with the knowing air of the native who is slightly involved in a romantic intrigue.

"Our leader is very cautious about putting things in writing." I answered. "This lady is very well known, and if anything should happen then who would be the wiser? No one but he and his two men whom he trusts, you and my own lowly self. Tell the good Morales that the lady will be safer with me,' said our colonel as I left." I threw back my head and laughed at that, as if it were a good joke. Morales laughed heartily, too. Evidently it was a new [illegible] for Valdez to send to him for pris-

[illegible]

He [illegible] to a sentry. "Send the [illegible] who was brought today," he said, and my heart leaped within me. Then I took on the look of stolid pelado, not daring to face the door thru which she was to come for fear that she would give a start of surprise when she saw me. I heard the sentry returning in a few moments, followed by some one with light footsteps. The door opened and I saw her standing there. Her face was touched with sorrow, but she had not been weeping.

"Ah, pretty one," said Captain Morales, "we are sorry to disturb you, but your lord had sent for you. Art thou ready to go to him"

The girl sighed softly. "It does not matter," she said simply. "I do not care what becomes of this poor body of mine. Life for me is already done."

My heart was torn for her then. I knew she was thinking of that slaughter in the valley to the north, where Hansen had betrayed her. And perhaps she thought I had deserted her and helped with the treachery.

"This man has come for you, senorita," said the warden. "He will take you to your new keeper."

The princess glanced over at me and involuntarily cried out in fear. I was rough-looking! The stain had set in my face and hair, and the dirt and dust of days of hard travel was over me. I looked the part of the rough Mexican trooper.

"Do not be afraid, little one," laughed the captain coarsely, as he looked over at me. "He is to be trusted." He saluted the paper I had given him.

"Do not fear, lady," I added, not daring to look at her. "I shall take you to friends."

"Yes, friends," echoed Morales, with another laugh.

He ushered us out into the prison hallway himself. I felt her [illegible] as I grasped her arm. She was all woman then, and helpless, as I guided her out of that tomb of lost hopes.

A sentry was taking us to the gates, and my heart leaped within me. Perhaps we would win yet! He was to hurry her on, but she was weak from despair.

It seemed an age before we reached that gate, and the sentry told one of us to tell another in a voluble explanation who we were. While he was talking a loud knock sounded on the gates. It had an authoritative way about it, but the sentry kept right on, and then they leisurely swung open the heavy gate. It opened to the inward and I made a rapid move to go out before any one could enter. Two men, fully cloaked, stood there, barring the way.

"Ah, a woman goes out, colonel," said one, whose voice I easily recognized as [illegible]

"A woman [illegible]

"Halt, senor, we must see her."

[illegible] of my arm at his heart. Manuel's good knife in my hand. He caught the blow as it came down, but it buried him reeling. Hansen sprang back, and I grasped the girl by the arm and dashed out into the darkness.

"Ho! Ho! Turn out the guard!" I heard Hansen cry, and then Valdez curse in Spanish. "A gun!" he screamed. "For the love of God, a gun!"

"Run, if you love your life and all that [illegible] I whispered in the [illegible] nothing, fear nothing. [illegible] for running."

Behind me we could hear Valdez cursing us in all the race he could command; calling for lights, for men, for guns. Behind us I could hear the sound of running feet, and the darkness was pierced by flashes of light. "Lanterns!" I thought. They are fast on us."

Suddenly a piercing flash of light broke the darkness to our right. An electric searchlight! "That Hansen is a devil for equipment!" I whispered in her ear.

"Ah, but I know you now," said the woman by my side, in a voice which thrilled me. "You are Don Mariano."

She came closer to my side, new faith and hope shown in every movement. An Indian litheness she had, too, and I was panting with the speed to which she ran. The night was stabbed by flashes of light as Hansen and Valdez, evidently outstripping the others, sought a glimpse of us. They were getting closer, more dangerous every moment.

And a spur ran before me as with them. We had been running along beside the prison wall. But suddenly emerged into a broad plaza. We had either to cross it on the run, dash thru a business street, or cross their path, while they came directly on us.

Without a second thought I chose the last. "Once I gain that narrow street yonder," I said to myself, "you'll never see us again." We passed them so closely that I could hear Valdez breathing Spanish curses out across the plaza, while Hansen dashed across it with that devilish light. Hansen was clever, for he turned just when I would not. A blinding flash enveloped us and they shouted. Behind them I could hear soldiers coming.

"We are lost!" I cried in her ear, as I whirled about, trying to trick Hansen and his searchlight. Valdez's pistol spoke, and a bullet landed near me. I swung behind the girl, to protect her.

"Not yet!" she panted back to me. "The Cu of 'Quetzal!"

Before us loomed the giant temple of the forgotten Aztecs. Without a halt

we dashed into its gloom, while shots rang out and bullets from Valdez's revolver pattered on its great stone walls.

CHAPTER X.
THE PLOTTERS ARE KILLED IN THE TEMPLE.

FOUL things of the night flew about our heads as we disturbed their home, perhaps for the first time in a century. The gloom of the ancient pile of stone seemed to swallow us as the sea swallows a sinking ship. It was a vast thing—a monster pile of cold stones, standing on the prone plain, a mute tribute to the might of that temple-building race of old Mexico. I had heard strange things, of course, . . . All the natives were full of it . . . were nothing to the awe which filled me. And yet I dashed into the gloom, breaking a silence which seemed centuries old.

Lost in the blackness, with tight-clasped hands, we stood for a moment, panting. Then she spoke, so softly. "Those two follow, Don Mariano. . . . you see the light?"

I glanced behind us and saw a faint gleam. It was but a candle-glow . . . darkness. We were safe for a moment.

It seemed ages before I struck a wall. It was dank and cold, but it lent us some comfort. Far above us, in the chinks, those malevolent flashes of light flicking dimly behind us, I felt like a knight of old watching a fair lady from a dragon's claws. It was whimsical, but it seemed to fit.

Suddenly my hand encountered emptiness. I drew back quickly. But after a careful search I found a doorway cut right in the stone. I felt around for it, for it was low. Then I leaned, and with her hand on my shoulder I crept through. Inch by inch I remembered what I had heard about sudden drops to bottomless pits in these old temples of Mexico. In this way we groped around a small room, stone-walled, empty, silent and blacker than midnight.

"We will wait here," I whispered to her. "They may find this room. I'll be ready for them."

She crouched behind me in the corner, breathing softly. I held tightly to her hand a moment, then crept around the wall to the door. With knife drawn, I . . . [illegible]

. . . happens, throw yourself . . . I said to her, and she . . . silence there in the . . . temple as we . . . [illegible]

. . . a few moments I heard footsteps. I darted not look . . . [illegible]

. . . door my good Jose," said the . . . I could hear the . . . butter-knives flew hither." He laughed mockingly, and I could see that he was taunting Valdez, that he was drunk like a lost soul. A ray of light flashed thru the door and I knew they had really found it.

Hansen stepped thru the doorway and . . .

It was the light that I wanted, and with one hand I wrenched it from him and with the other I swung on him with the knife. I hit deep, for at once I heard him groan, and it was his turn to swear. But he did not go down.

The light was in my possession. I stuffed it into my pocket and fired. I knew I would need that little electric light in that age-old temple.

"Ah, that is you, Senor!" I heard Valdez shouted. "We both have guns. He has none. Fill guard this door and you can shoot him at your will."

"Senor, I have not been truly faithful to you," she said. "Had I trusted you more I would have saved myself great trouble. This parchment which you have carried added to a like set which I carry next to my heart"—she drew it from her bosom—"is the story of the hidden wealth of the Matlotecas. The portion you brought to me helps me where to find it. This tells of its exact location. Senor, my fortune lies in this great Cu. . . . The leaves you brought here show where the fortune lies hidden."

She trembled with excitement as she fumbled them over.

"You remember The Two. Don Mariano?" she asked, again a note of sobbiness entering her voice. "They died at my feet in prison. It was they who held the secret of the hidden gold and precious stones. The secret was told to them by other priests of our house before them. But there had been Three before Jose Valdez, by accident, . . . learned that they knew of the hidden treasure. He captured one of The Three, threw him into prison to get the information, and the old man who gave you the papers was the victim. He was the third priest of our house. Each knew a portion of the secret of how the treasure was to be found. Bound by oaths to tell nobody, not even each other, they were to reveal the secret only to a true descendant of Matlotec. They carried their parts of the secret next to their hearts, in the queer writing of the Aztecs. During the battle, when all was lost, The Two fulfilled their vow—they gave them to me. Now we have the whole. In rough Aztec picture-writing, it is a story of the ways of the Cu of 'Quetzal,' with the location of the hidden treasure.

In a Few Moments We Stood on the Mountain Side, Blinded by the Glory of the Mexican Dawn.

heard her move, a bullet would strike her.

"God grant that she does not move," I prayed, and then, telling Hansen . . . [illegible] cornered battle that old temple had ever seen.

"I'll get Valdez first," I said to myself, and silently, scarcely breathing, I felt around the wall until my fingers reached the edge of the doorway. In mind I pictured Valdez standing in it, and then in one swift movement I drove up and down.

A curse, a groan and the thud of a falling body told me my aim had been true. Swiftly I crept by the door and lay flat, while Valdez, groaning and cursing, fired shot after shot into the room—bullets that crashed on the stone to bitted from wall to wall, and set Hansen to cursing him.

"Stop, you fool!" he shouted. "You've almost killed me."

"He's probably open my side!" Valdez was cursing again and groaning.

I crept toward Valdez. I could hear his breathing heavily and I felt that he was creeping about blindly. I gathered my muscles for the fight which would come, when suddenly I felt a hot breath on my neck!

Like a flash I struck upward and the knife, long and keen, sank deep home in a human body. A soft, sighing groan and a body fell over me, bearing me down. It was Valdez. He cried out in terror. I felt a hot gush of blood from the wound an I flung off the dead weight. Valdez was dead.

I crept forward again, for Hansen was still alive.

It was a struggle of wits then. Hansen was walking close to the wall, I felt almost sure, for he had fired from a standing position. I crept on to strike him if I retraced my steps. I knew that if I won the short, sharp battle with him which was certain to come I must surprise him. "Whoever is surprised in this fight dies," I told myself over and over, and exerted every ounce of strength and nerve to meet the test.

The cat had awoke in Hansen now. I could not hear him.

Near the door I thought I heard a tiny scratch, as of a finger-nail had scratched. I crouched, and then a flash of fire split the dark three feet away. God! That devil had fired straight down! He had fired as the sound came, I knew.

Like a tiger I leaped at him . . . went down together. Hansen cu . . . clutching at my throat. In the . . . had lost his gun, and he knew it was a fight of no quarter. Locked in death struggle, we rolled over and over, he vainly trying to clutch my knife hand.

He was clutching at a madman. I grasped him in a grip which caused him to groan as it tore the flesh at his throat, and once, twice, thrice I thrust the knife home into his body. He sank back without a whisper and I felt him quiver in death.

I took the light from my pocket and snapped on its spring. I hurried the beam into the corner, fearing to look, yet fascinated.

She lay there, still, as in death. I rushed to her side and dropped to my knees by her side.

"Ah, my princess, my princess!" I cried. I took her in my arms and brushed her hair back from her forehead. There an ugly welt was burned, but the bullet had glanced off. Unnerved by the ordeal and in jubilation, I pressed my lips to the wound there.

Slowly she opened her eyes and by the glare of the electric flashlight looked up at me in fright. Then, with a glad little cry, she hid her face in my arms.

I kissed her then, boldly, knowingly, and she, with eyes veiled by wonderful lashes, she gave back a tiny kiss.

"I love you, my princess," I whispered, and in the glow of the little light by her head I saw her smile sweetly.

"As I have said, thou art a bold man, Don Mariano," she whispered. "But you are also my true love, and I not loved you since we danced together at the June Fete of Roses!"

For answer then her lips clung to mine, her arms about my neck. Then we rose, and, shielding her face, I took the light and led the way toward the little door. To the God of the Aztecs I left the bodies of Jose Valdez and Swede Hansen.

Outside the room the gloom of the place and the horror of the fight enveloped us like a shroud, but we did not see wept silently. I held her close for I knew the spell of it would pass leaving her stronger.

As I stood there, a strange overpowering sense of fear swept thru my brain. How far from the entrance were we? How find the way out? Which way would I start? A mad wave of indecision swept over me. Then I looked at her with awe. Then her lips sought mine and my strength came back to me.

"Have you any idea which way we should start?" I asked her.

"None," she answered.

I walked forward then, the little light flashing ahead of me, piercing the gloom. On one side I could see a wall, but on the other there was nothing. I tried to remember which way we had come, but could not. For hours, it seemed to me, we went on and on, to find nothing save blackness and silence.

Suddenly a huge arch towered above us. We paused, both startled; the suddenness of its bulk and the vastness . . . [illegible]

. . . old man and his last injunctions to me.

"Senor, thou art a wise man, and I am proud to call thee my lover," she said soberly. "When you kept these things perhaps you saved your life and mine from the very danger which now threatens it."

She drew up close to me and nestled in my arms as we sat there.

"Senor, I have not been truly faithful to you," she said. "Had I trusted you more I would have saved myself great trouble. This parchment which you have carried added to a like set which I carry next to my heart"—she drew it from her bosom—"is the story of the hidden wealth of the Matlotecas. The portion you brought to me helps me where to find it. This tells of its exact location. Senor, my fortune lies in this great Cu. . . . The leaves you brought here show where the fortune lies hidden."

She trembled with excitement as she fumbled them over.

"You remember The Two, Don Mariano?" she asked, again a note of sobbiness entering her voice. "They died at my feet in prison. It was they who held the secret of the hidden gold and precious stones. The secret was told to them by other priests of our house before them. But there had been Three before Jose Valdez, by accident, . . . learned that they knew of the hidden treasure. He captured one of The Three, threw him into prison to get the information, and the old man who gave you the papers was the victim. He was the third priest of our house. Each knew a portion of the secret of how the treasure was to be found. Bound by oaths to tell nobody, not even each other, they were to reveal the secret only to a true descendant of Matlotec. They carried their parts of the secret next to their hearts, in the queer writing of the Aztecs. During the battle, when all was lost, The Two fulfilled their vow—they gave them to me. Now we have the whole. In rough Aztec picture-writing, it is a story of the ways of the Cu of 'Quetzal,' with the location of the hidden treasure.

$3.00 Brings This SUIT
Tailored to Your Measure
on an offer so easy, so generous, so unusual that it is the talk of every man who sees it. Write today for . . . [illegible]

. . . [illegible] . . . [illegible] . . . [illegible] .

After years of separation by prison walls. The Three have come together in spirit. You have brought the wealth of the Matleteczins to me!"

The excitement of the moment made me forget my wound and giddiness. Together we bent over the aged leaves of parchment and studied them. To me it was only a jumble of picture writing, such as I had often seen on the walls of old ruins of Mexico. To her it was a message which had come down thru the ages. Taught by the priests to read it, she had no difficulty. Her eyes burned with a strange fire as she ran rapidly thru them.

"Thou are a man of great courage, my lover," she said finally, looking at me with grave eyes, but in new hope. "Shall we follow the story of the House of Matletec to its end?"

For answer I rose to my feet and lifted her with one movement. "It could be no easier, my princess," I said. "Why should we not make it a great adventure rather than perish miserably?"

With a little cry, she kissed me. "I am always sure of you now," she whispered.

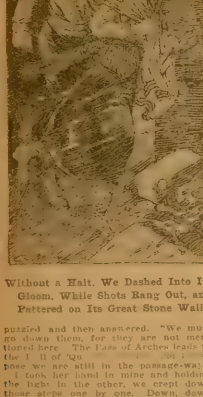
Taking the light from my hand, she studied the parchment leaves with great care. "I tells of this area," she said. "I have it now. We go thru it, and straight ahead."

The tiny light threw queer shadows ahead as we crept forward. The beams, striking the high walls and giant dome of the arch, threw grotesque shadows ahead of us and about us. Our feet fell on stone, damp from ages of darkness, and soundless. Unconsciously, the girl shivered, but her courage did not fail her.

Suddenly, a few feet away from us, yawned a black pit. The girl drew back in fright, and I took her hand and crept forward cautiously. The pit was there—broad as the passage-way, the other side of it too far away for our light to reach it, straight down into its depths dipped a steep stairway.

I stood and pondered a moment. We had to either go down those stairs turn back. I stretched my arm out over the stairs and held the light down them, and as far as I could see they stretched —downward. "What does your parchments say, dear?" I asked, as she stood there looking down curiously.

She hastily studied them, seemed a bit



puzzled and then answered. "We must go down them, for they are not mentioned here. The Pass of Arches leads to the I. II of Qu

pose we are still in the passage-way.

I took her hand in mine and holding the light in the other, we crept down those stairs one by one. Down, down we were going, with no end of the stairs in sight. Yet we kept on, with a dumb determination to see this thing thru to the bottom. There the passageway veered to our right. Following it, we came suddenly to its end.

"The Hall of 'Quetzal!'" she whispered.

More confident, I held the light for her to walk in read the directions, while I pondered what new mysteries would be revealed if the great space were suddenly flooded with light.

"The Hall of 'Quetzal has many ways," she read from the parchment "To the right is the Hall of Young Priests. To the left is the way of the Virgin. Behind the Altar of 'Quetzal are the ways of the High Priests. Between the two is the way of the Matletec. Other than they who trod it shall surely perish."

"God!" I whispered, for the high walls of the great wall, barely to be seen in the tiny beams of light, held fragments of gloom, weighed on my soul. She gripped my hand with both of her own, and laughed softly.

"It means nothing, sweetheart," she said. "Thou art a Matletec, for are you not my lover? Come, we must find the altar."

Stirred to action, we carefully made our way back to the Hall of Pass of Arches. From there we worked slowly around the wall to our right, until suddenly we came upon the altar.

"The way of Young Priests," I whispered.

We passed it by, and came, like children groping in the dark, to another blank wall. Down this we turned and slowly made our way, the gloom growing more confident, becoming fascinated by the great task we fared. And the directions were now sure of that.

I stumbled and fell headlong, barely saving the light from being smashed on the stone steps which had tripped me. The princess cried out in fright, but I jumped erect in a moment, and flashed the light along the steps. There were only a few, which brought us to what seemed to be the Altar of 'Quetzal.

"The sacrificial stone!" she cried, as a huge, rudely quarried stone loomed before us.

It took us but a few moments to find that the stone was all in it, but I across the great hall. There were two wide doors, similar to the others, while in the center, directly behind the sacrificial stone, was a small door. "The way of the Matletec!" she cried, standing before it. High upstairs, "Who has a better right to tread it then I?"

I stared into that black aperture, hardly enough to see by, and felt like one possessed. For [illegible] I wondered to myself.

She gripped my arm tightly, and holding the light before us, we slipped down into the Way that only her forefathers dared tread.

So rapidly did the rock fall away before our feet we almost had the sensation of falling. So low was the passageway that we could not stand erect, and the walls to which we clung were damp and dark. Far below, I heard the sound of running water. My blood turned cold. "Suppose the passageway ends in death I asked myself.

The sound of rushing water was growing nearer. Suddenly it boiled up at our feet, a stream rushing over the rocks. Like a cat I crouched on the rocks and braced her while she took the light and scanned the parchment.

"At the living stars," she read. "Follow the right bank, clinging with the hands. Venture not one arm's length from that way."

It was a hint at death which we did not eyebrow. Holding with my feet, I felt on the edge of the stream for the path, which I felt had been carved from the solid rock. I found it and knee-deep in water we crept down it, clinging to the right bank with our [illegible]

[illegible] seemed on the wall, [illegible] high and narrow, discovered by the ancient Aztec chief and turned to his own.

Slowly to our ears came the boom of a waterfall. Nothing else to warn of danger, suddenly the thought came to me: "What if this river path drops us a thousand feet to death in the bowels of underground waterfall!" and the roar, growing steadily nearer, warned me to be alert. Slower and slower we moved, until we were creeping forward just a foot at a time.

Then it was that the waterfall yawned and gaped, at our very feet. The rushing waters about us seemed to be striving to break the slight hold and dash us over. The girl cried out in fear and clung to me, sobbing like a child.

"The parchment! The parchment!" I shouted in her ear. Hastily she reached in her bosom for it, and standing on the brink of eternity, we read the fateful message of the first Matletec

"Below the Falling Waters the lost spirits of Anahuac dwell. He of faint heart cannot cross the p[illegible] but the House of Matletec has none. On the brink of the Falling Waters in the living rock. A short leap will take a man there. Do not falter."

Holding the light steadily, I forced myself to look across. It was there, as the old chief had said, across the roaring water. It seemed a long jump, tho it was barely three feet, and slightly below the river bed where we stood. In broad daylight, under clear circumstances, it would have been child's play. Yet to leap over a chasm one yard wide, when little you knew whether you would ever return, was different. Slowly I drew her to my side.

"We must leap, sweetheart," I whispered in her ear. "Are you ready?"

"To life or death with you, my lover," she answered as I bent my ear to her lips.

I felt her crouch by my side, and slowly, loudly I counted three and we leaped as one!

CHAPTER XII

OUT OF THE VAULT TO HAPPINESS

LYING side by side on the cold rock with our feet on the edge of that black pit, we held each other close. She was sobbing again, but with relief this time.

"My dear," I whispered. "I cannot help but think that in the end we will win. Perhaps our perils are over. Let us look again at the parchment. Holding the light for her, I could not help but think of the words: "Between the two is the way of the Matletec. Other than they who trod it shall surely perish!" That was the safest bet the old chief made for us. The girl was reading:

"From the Falling Waters there are two ways. The one to the right is the way to death. The one to the left leads to the House of the Matletec. From there the way is open. Heed but one thing. In the mouth of the Ocelot is the key to that house."

"Ocelot!" she said. "We must not lose our way, dear."

Wearily we arose, and following the thin trail of light, traversed a winding cave until we came to two doors. One, the old chief said, led to certain death. The other to safety and safety. I had thrown away the last doubt in my mind that at the end of this wonderful day there would be no more wonderful thing of all. We entered the door to our left. It was a narrow passageway, gloomy and forbidding. The living rock. "Those Aztecs were cunning devils," I thought, as I remembered those two doors and the way in which the guide he was could never have lived to see this moment.

It took us but a few moments of steady progress to reach a blank wall. We were absolutely astounded. The passageway came to an end without [illegible] ling, and we faced the solid stone.

"The mouth of the Ocelot" the Princess [illegible] "Those words [illegible] of guarding the treasure, were [illegible] the stone. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

On Probation

By Augustus Goodrich Sherwin

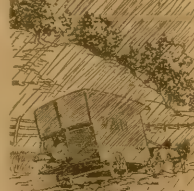
(Copyright.)

MISS VICTORIA DALLEMAND, heiress, but haughty because proud and intolerant, turned from the street of the stage coach, disdainful, a part of the furniture of the house of Dallemand.

She recalled that a pair of neat, intelligent eyes showed from under the soiled sombrero, and her manner was that of a military gentleman. Still, his vocation was humble, his clothing rough, his present position on a par with the flies, and—

"Will you kindly tell the men with the second van to take the hill road when the conveyance arrives?" he had asked courteously.

Miss Dallemand bestowed upon him a chill up a stare. A slight smile passed over the face of the young man. It was so enigmatical and withal so unacceptible of fine gentrations of analysis that the companion of the executive Miss Dallemand was influenced to pay attention to him. She was only Lucia Parr, poor and a dependent, a favorite with Victoria. She deprecated the autocratic action of her friend. It was so simple and natural a task to ask—



At Least a Dozen Times the Van Nearly Upset.

"Thank you," and the young, dutiful lemand sat as a duenna in

The radiance showed a damp and shiver-some-crest-fiddled body. Upon each [illegible] Miss Dallemand, her friend Miss Parr, and two woman servants. Regal as ever, stony-faced and disdainful, the haughty Miss Dallemand looked grieved, indignant and resentful.

She suspected that a pair of neat, intelligent eyes showed from under the soiled sombrero, and her manner was that of a military gentleman. Still, his vocation was humble, his clothing rough, his present position on a par with the flies, and—

"Will you kindly tell the men with the second van to take the hill road when the conveyance arrives?" he had asked courteously.

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[illegible]

"Thank you," and the young, dutiful Dallemand sat as a duenna in

[illegible]

In a hurried, but [illegible] Wharton explained the difficulties of the journey. Miss Dallemand simply shrugged her shoulders, Miss Parr looked and regarded Wharton in an apologetic way.

"We came in the automobile," she said, "which got thru more easily than the heavily loaded van. Would it be possible to make us a little more comfortable?"

"I [illegible] indeed," bruised up Wharton. "Have you a key to the [illegible]

"It seems to have been long since the bustle and discomfort of our journey," replied Miss Parr.

"We will soon adjust all that!" pledged Wharton cheerily.

He was as good as his word. A wind [illegible] was forced, some lamps found in the house, [illegible] oil from the can in the wagon, and [illegible] the [illegible] to get the furniture out of the van and into the house. Once inside, Miss Dallemand had a [illegible] Nothing Club And had a [illegible] especial comfort. had a minute to prepare, so I was going over my sewing [illegible] I [illegible] ready except slipping on this [illegible] and freeing herself of dirt to make a few notes when I heard the children quarreling on the back porch. And that woman [illegible] always making remarks about how my children quarrel. You know, she has only one angel child with a cough and a pug-nosed, and of course you can't get up much of a row with a canary.

"Anyway, I grabbed my bathrobe, notebook and pencil and went out to investigate. I had seen Dorothy start to have her shoes polished and she had resented it, squirming about until Keith had dashed kicking out of her chair.

"So I superintended the remainder of the job, meantime composing the opening sentence of my speech. I had already outlined it.

"Then I sent Dorothy in to change her white stockings and sat down in the chair she had vacated and told Keith to do my shoes while I worked on my speech.

"He said: 'Why, mother, you don't want these shoes polished,' and I told him I pretty much did want them and without his telling me and he shouldn't interrupt me again. I thought he was getting tired of the job, for he does of everything he understakes.

"I concentrated for the second time and I was right in the middle of a beautiful sentence. I was so annoyed that I couldn't remember exactly over the cobwebs with my pencil and told him to proceed. He did.

"At the same time he continued to cry and sniffle so that I couldn't concentrate. Finally I laid down my notebook and, thinking that a whipping would help to mind my being cross, that I'd bring him a Thrift Stamp when I came home. Then I caught a glimpse of my shoes! I simply gave one scream and fainted!

"The neighbors rushed in, one called a nurse, another a doctor and I believe some one sent for an ambulance while a group gathered to view the remains.

"Time of the hysterics" Was it snake bite or——

"Worse— much worse. I had made Keith blacken my pearl gray $18 shoes!"

"How terrible" Absent-mindedness, of course."

"Piffle" It was retribution, fate, purgatory, a lot of things rolled into one to reproach me for being extravagant. But I'm thoroly chastened. Moderation is to be my motto until after the war."

* * *

Wise to the Trick.

New Man—"I found this $5 bill upon your desk, sir."

Employer—"I'm glad you are honest. I put it there on purpose to test you."

New Man—"That's what I thought, sir."

The General put out his hand with the words: "I guess we'll cancel that foolish quarrel. And that pretty young lady?" he insinuated, glancing after the runaway.

"My affianced wife, if you approve it," announced Wharton.

Miss Victoria was aghast when she heard the news. The unknown Fido Wharton Taylor had been on her list of prospective suitors. However, she bit her lip and smiled on Lucia, and really approved the match with that "common person!"

* * *

A Tragedy in Shoes.

"YES, I know," nodded the mother of two children. "You might as well say it. It is perfectly ridiculous to wear plain white canvas oxfords with a dainty georgette gown——

"Why do you do it?" interruped the intimate friend."

"It is penance, my dear! Of course, I don't like to wear them, but it is a very reasonable cost, and then one day I passed a smart shoe shop and saw the dearest pair of pearl gray cloth that exactly matched it—they were $18. I hesitated, and you know the adage—before I knew it I had bought the shoes.

"Wasn't that a little extravagant?"

A little! It was a heap! Anyway, I am being duly punished. I mean to wear these canvas boots until summer.

"Then you need the gray ones, inasmuch as you have bought them?" queried the intimate friend.

"You must be near secrecy if I tell you. The joke is distinctly on me and it begins with the children. Of course, having none of my own, you probably don't appreciate how patriotic the kiddies are. They sell Liberty Bonds, secure Red Cross buttons, grow war gardens and, as for Thrift Stamps—sometimes I am nearly distracted the way Dorothy and Keith argue over who has the most and how they are going to save and earn money for more!

"To pay Keith for washing windows and Dorothy for washing dishes and both of them for garden truck. Keith's latest earning venture is blacking shoes for the family, and naturally his father and I are willing that he should be encouraged, but it has been rather trying. He insists upon polishing our shoes upon the slightest provocation, which has the effect to have hers done until they become positively disgraceful. You see, she doesn't want to add Keith to her [illegible] Thrift Stamps than she herself has.

"Other days other shoes, and I was following the cavern walls, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

RENNIE'S PAINTING

By James Oliver

(Copyright.)

"HE VERY capable work. What is [illegible] that name in the corner?" inquired St. Clair, the famous painter, inspecting the work curiously with his short-sighted eyes.

"Rennie, Mr. St. Clair."

"Rennie? I never heard of him. But he'll make his mark some day, if he keeps on like that."

It was at the annual exhibition of the Amateurs' club. Rennie had been painting for five miserable years, and had gone to the Fifth avenue [illegible] and brought him just enough to keep him from starvation. Patient, loving Muriel, in their home town, might have to wait indefinitely before he could send for her to be married.

For three years Rennie had exhibited at the club, but never before had his pictures been noticed. This year St. Clair, kindly old man, had accepted an invitation to attend. His words filled Rennie, who was waiting near, with joy. St. Clair had noticed the worth of his work. A word from St. Clair would make him famous. The next day he carried his picture back to his garret. And he sat down and thought over the scheme that had been hatching in his brain.

He was desperate. Things had been going worse then ever with him. Muriel, faithful as the sun, had begun to grow impatient. She wanted to come to him, to share his poverty, she said. It was the letter of a lonely girl, beginning to doubt her lover's loyalty. For the first time she had begun to doubt—Rennie could read that between the lines.

He would take his picture to St. Clair —not the one the famous painter had praised, but the masterpiece of the wild horses, over which he had spent months. It was unsigned, it was unfinished—only he knew that he had managed to catch the vital spirit of the steeds. St. Clair could not but praise it. He had always praised reports of his generosity to struggling artists. A word from him, and fame would be his, and money, and Muriel.

Filled with the inspiration, he gathered his big picture under his arm and started for the hotel to the painter's studio on Madison avenue. But when he reached it he saw that St. Clair was holding a reception. Scores of people were [illegible] and women fashionably dressed in men attired in evening dress and frock coats.

[illegible]

[illegible] the sidewalk in indecision, holding his picture. He knew that if he turned back he would never gather enough courage for his exploit. Emboldened by his deed, he entered, and, in the hall, standing among a crowd of guests was St. Clair.

The old man appeared to take in the situation at a glance, for he came up to Rennie and held out both his hands cordially.

"Won't you come into my studio?" he inquired, dismissing his guests for the moment with his courtly manner, he led the way into the elevator, which ran swiftly to the top of the house, where it stopped in front of an open door.

"Now, sir," inquired St. Clair, blandly, yet there was a twinkle of interest in his eye, "what brought you here?"

"Mr. St. Clair," the young man burst out impetuously, "you were kind enough to praise my picture, 'Lantern Light,' at the Amateurs' club yesterday."

"Indeed, I remember it—it was well, Mr.—Mr. Rennie, was it not?—Mr. Rennie, the old man.

Then Rennie was amused at the torrent of words that flowed from his lips. He told the artist about his desperate struggle, even about Muriel, and ended by saying how a few words of praise from him would make his fortune. "And I have brought you my masterpiece," he ended naively.

St. Clair smiled. He laid his hands in a fatherly manner on Rennie's shoulders.

"I won't offer an opinion now," he said, "because I am under the influence of the story that you have told me. I want to get the dispassionate view of a critic. Will you intrust your picture with me until to-morrow?"

Stammering out his gratitude, Rennie withdrew. His last memory was of the old man's kindly smile and the warm shake of the hand. All that afternoon he trod upon air.

He hardly slept that night, and the next morning waited feverishly for the postman. St. Clair had promised to write him a note as soon as he had examined the picture. Of course the letter could not by any possibility arrive till afternoon, but Rennie was in that state of elation when the impossible seems certainty.

He paced the streets after the post had gone, waiting for the next delivery. At the news stand he picked up his morning paper. On the front page he read the news of St. Clair's death. The old man had had a stroke of apoplexy the evening before.

Rennie let the paper fall from his hands and tears of mortification streamed down his face. His last hope gone! St. Clair dead, on whom all had depended!

It was three days before he recovered sufficiently to go for his picture. But,

Things Had Been Going Worse Than Ever With Him.

to his amazement, he was refused admission. The butler referred him to St. Clair's lawyer, who listened to his story with a quiet smile.

"You must realise, Mr. Rennie, that unless you can bring some proof that the picture is yours, I have you any proof? You did not sign it, you say."

"But it was not finished," cried Rennie.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "All Mr. St. Clair's pictures are to be sold," he said. "You will have to take legal action in the matter. And, frankly, young man, no jury will believe you unless you have some evidence to bring forward. More than that you will run the risk of a prosecution for perjury."

Rennie went out in a daze. He saw the truth of the lawyer's words. There was nothing that he could do.

A week later the auction came. Critics were enthusiastic over the large number of paintings that were to be put on the market. But of them all none excited greater enthusiasm than the unfinished work to which the critics gave the name "The Wild Horses."

Rennie attended the auction. The bidding quickly reached the average of five thousand dollars, at which the other pictures had gone. A dealer in Paris had offered seven. Finally, after a spirited competition between him and Rennie's own dealer, the picture fell to the latter for eight thousand.

And McDrew had paid Rennie an average of fifteen dollars apiece.

Rennie left the auction room and wrote a letter to one of the papers. The newspaper refused to print it. It had no doubt that Rennie was an impostor, and, anyway, the editor felt that such a case should be aired in the law courts.

Rennie waited another day. Then he sat down and wrote a long letter to Muriel. It was the hopeless letter of a man who has been bowled over by the buffets of fate. He told her the facts of his struggle, culminating in the loss of his painting, and released her from their engagement.

But before he had risen from the table there came a knock at the door. Rennie opened it, to find an elderly woman, attired in black, standing before him.

"I am Mrs. St. Clair," she said. "Mr. Rennie, a terrible injustice has been done you, and it would have slipped from my mind had not our lawyer told me about your claim. He thought you were an impostor, but as soon as he told me I remembered.

"Mr. Rennie, my husband was the best and justest man in the world. On the night he died—the stroke came very suddenly, you know—he was trying to speak to me. He was paralyzed and he could only mumble, but I managed to make out what he was trying to say. He said that a picture in his studio had been painted by—I couldn't catch the name, but it was yours—and that, in case he died, he didn't want it to be sold as his especially wished. I have the address, and he had given you no receipt for it.

"I have written a letter to the newspapers, apologizing for the money for the painting must go to you."

Rennie did not know how he replied. He remembered taking her hands in his and thanking her a thousand times. And when she left it was with the understanding that Rennie was to consider her his friend—always, she said.

He did—he gone before the postman brought a letter—from Muriel this time. Opening it, Rennie read that she [illegible] he must never think otherwise and she would wait a dozen more years if necessary.

[illegible]

[illegible] ed dollars. [illegible] taking the morning train to [illegible] and I want you to meet me at seven o'clock in the evening [illegible] forget, remember, [illegible] will go far.

[illegible] mine is yours

[illegible] had never been happy as when he was wildly sprinting to meet the [illegible] And he knew [illegible] heart that Muriel would never remain alone, to Fleetfoot.

Rose of the Desert

(Continued From Page 20.)

no farther, and the rest depended upon Manuel. I arried her in my arms to the roadside and sat down a few moments, holding her close. We were desolate looking. Two peons from the south we would have scorned. Manuel's pampas. Also our treasure weighed heavily upon us.

"I knew that you would come with the dawn, master," said a quiet voice behind me. [illegible] girl started violently with fright, and [illegible] horse reared. [illegible] the road stretches away [illegible] and the sea."

My tale is told. I am the Rose of the Desert as the flower of my household—tho in the prosaic world of Los Angeles only as Mrs. Burke—and with Manuel, now the prince of butlers, I am living in San Francisco in the midst of wealth.

Often, when Manuel has built a fire to take the chill of the evening from our [illegible] we sit [illegible] the lights, and [illegible] arms and nestle [illegible] And I bend over her and we look silently into the fire until it melts into a mass of gold, heaped high one upon another; and we see in front of them, piled high in great stone jars, jewels enough for the ransome of a thousand kings. And I think of the road which leads from Matalee to Tan and the sea, stretching away to the Madre and the walls of Durango. And I look down at her face and all my smiles back, life, love and adventure playing there like quick lights.

(THE END)

Golf as Seen by the French.

HE HAD come over from France to England and had just been asked to give him views on the ancient game of golf. "You should see me," he did so.

"Ah!" he said. "Your game of golf Tees, I know him. You put on se tunic you ged as underneath [illegible] done. You strap your sack sticks on se back of a boy twice so much small as se boy. He is your caddie, you call to make balance a little white ball. He make three bad tries to balance him, then very angry—he is your caddie.

"Than you what you call adrees se ball, and, ma foi! your address is some time a baugsaw to make afraid. You strike and se ball find himself in se bonhair. You call aloung for se nib lungre stick and beat se ground until your partner say, 'Ho, chuck it!' You say—but my friend, I excuse myself to repeat what you say.

"Ah! my friend, you are a great nation, but your golf game gives me what you call se pip!"

Men Are So Helpless.

A FARMER'S wife in Connecticut, hurrying from milking the cows to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the churn, from the churn to the woodshed, and back to the kitchen again, was asked if she wanted to vote. She vehemently replied: "No, I certainly do not. I say that if there's one little thing the men folks can do alone, for heaven's sake let 'em do it!"

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When Martha Failed

By John Beckner Boude

Because Martha thought that she understood and was deceived by appearances, the whole of her happiness came near to being a permanent wreck.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

THE whole structure of Martha Boardman's life seemed to come falling about her ears that morning when, coming in from the hen house, she turned the corner of the woodshed and beheld her husband with his arms around Cicely Loring, her maid of all work. To be surrounded one moment by flowers and glad sunshine and the next to find herself falling into unfathomable depths of black chaos!

She walked past the pair who started apart at the sound of her footsteps. Her husband's back was toward her, but one glance at the girl's face, which at that moment contained all the unconscious lure of a thousand Cleopatras with its flushed cheeks and eyes in which slumbered that call to sex inherent in some female natures, and which never fails of a response from the average male creature, revealed all and more than all she cared to know.

She passed quietly on into the kitchen and deposited the eggs on the table—she had been intending to make one of her husband's favorite lemon pies for dinner, such as she and she only could make, a delicacy he had been deprived of during the last two months, owing to her absence from home while attending her mother thru a severe illness—took off her apron and went quickly thru the house and upstairs into the bedroom, mechanically closed and locked the door and sat down by the window.

The panorama of blue mountains stretching away beyond creek and meadow land, a view she had so longed for while being cooped up in the city, had no meaning for her today. She gazed dully around the plain and simple room that she had shared with John for so many years, looked at the picture of little Amy in its old-fashioned oval, gilt frame—the baby whose birth and death had occurred at the same time—and then she heard, as from a long distance, some one come up and knock on the door, some one speaking to it, might have been John, she did not know. It came from so far away. Perhaps she lost consciousness for a time, she never knew.

There she sat the whole day while the various sounds of the village life came up thru the window, the barking of dogs, the voices of children. The house was very still. John came up several times and knocked but she made no reply. She might have been a dead woman, so quiet was she. After a while she dimly sensed that John might get some such an idea and take measures to break [illegible]

[illegible] a new feeling would frustrate any plan that had been slowly forming in her mind.

[illegible] ing about the robin, shutting and opening [illegible] ing no reply to his low-spoken appeals for entrance.

After supper, when John had gone to prayer meeting, she quietly took up her traveling bag, in which she had put a few necessary articles, put on her hat and coat and came down the stairs. Cicely was washing the supper dishes, but when she heard her mistress she came running into the hall. Mrs. Boardman was on the last step as she came up to her. The girl's face was red and swollen with weeping, but Martha scarcely gave her a look.

"Tell Mr. Boardman that I have gone to my sister Jennie's," she said.

"Oh, Mrs. Boardman, don't! Let me speak. We didn't——" At this coupling of the girl's personality with that of her husband, such a whitehot flame of anger shot from Martha Boardman's eyes as to have almost the effect of a burn. Cicely instinctively put her hands up to her face and drew back trembling.

"Not a word!" said Martha fiercely, and turning away she let herself out thru the front door, while Cicely ran down on the stairs, crying [illegible]ly God, my God, what shall I d[illegible] again into the vernacular which had to lay aside upon coming in a minister's family.

Mrs. Boardman made her way to the station. She was a tall, [illegible] ing woman with regular features, eyes and hair, now graying a li[illegible] the temples. She gave one the [illegible]sion of a reserve force held in check with an outward calmness—a calmness which in her quiet existence as the beloved wife of a popular preacher had never been ruffled. Indeed, she was a stranger even to herself in the depths of her own nature.

Brownsville, where Jennie resided, was not far away, and ten o'clock found it knocking at her sister's door. Wondering, Jennie answered the summons, [illegible]tore were not common at that hour of the night.

"Martha!" she cried, "that you? Come right in.

Martha stumbled over the doorstep. She was weak from exhaustion and lack of food. "Jennie, I—I—have come to help you take care of little Jim—you wrote he had the measles."

"Yes, I know I did," said Jennie, hesitating, and not able to keep a tone of surprise out of her voice, "but I didn't mean for you to come. Why, you just got back from taking care of ma, didn't you? And there's John——"

At the mention of John's name the iron hand that had clutched at her heart all day loosened its hold and Martha fell to sobbing great gasping sobs which seemed to tear themselves from her very [illegible]

"Why, Mattie, Mattie, what's the matter?" cried Jennie as she softly stepped to the door of the bedroom where the children slept and closed it.

"Oh, Jennie," sobbed Martha, and then the whole miserable story came out.

Jennie listened without saying a word until Martha had finished, and then she said: "And you came away and left him without a word?" Then seeing that Martha was on the verge of a collapse she refrained from saying more, but went into the kitchen to prepare some food which she saw that her sister was much in need of.

"I'll bet you ain't et a thing all day," she said in a practical tone of voice, as she set out a dainty lunch before Martha. "Yes," she continued, "Jimmie is pretty sick, an' you can help me a lot if you can stay. With the store to tend and everything to do it keeps me a humping.

"I'll stay," said Martha. "I'm never going back!"

Jennie smiled to herself with superior wisdom. The very vehemence of the assertion belied its sincerity, but she said nothing and so the matter rested.

Followed days of unceasing toil for Martha, for the children, there were three of them, all came down at once. What with the sponging of little fevered bodies, shading the lights for inflamed eyes, and the interminable reading and [illegible] while Jennie did the ha[illegible] work and attended the store, [illegible] only financial resource since her [illegible]'s death. Martha was so exh[illegible] came that she fell immediately into deep and dreamless slumber. She and [illegible] one series of conversations [illegible] she had since tried to persuade Martha to go back to her husband, or at least give him a chance for explanation. But Martha were in vain; neither would Martha open his letters, which came every da[illegible] the first week or two of her [illegible]

"Said Jennie, "And you came aw[illegible] left him alone there with that baggage! I hate to [illegible] it, Mattie, but you almost deserve to lose him.

"I have lost him," answered Martha, [illegible]sterly. "You forget, Jennie, that I [illegible] the girl's face and you didn't [illegible] won't divide my husband's love with a [illegible] one!"

"Oh, piffle! You make me tired! You don't know any more about men and their natures than a baby. She might [illegible] he's got around him for just a minute, but a good man like John Boardman ain't goin' to take up with trash like that! Give him a chance to explain."

"Explain!" and Martha lost her accustomed control for a moment. "My God, Jennie, what explanation can there be for a thing like that? There I had just come home from a long absence and they had been there alone together for weeks, and I come upon them like [illegible] God knows how long—— Oh, I can't talk about it——" and her head went down on the table while sobs shook her frame.

"There, there, we won't argue about it, my dear," said Jennie, while her own eyes filled. When calmness was restored Martha stated her intention of writing to John as soon as she was able and offering him his freedom.

Time went on, the children had gone back to school again, and Jennie was waiting on a customer while Martha was sewing in the room adjoining the store. It was quiet. A knock was heard and, scarcely before Martha had time to answer, Cicely stepped into the room. Martha would hardly have recognized her as the roguish, dimpled thing she had so gladly taken into her home and in whose prettiness she had so delighted. Cicely's face was pale and drawn as she came over to Martha.

"Mis' Boardman, you got to listen to me," she said, desperately, forgetting all the niceties of speech she had learned during her stay with them. "You don't answer Mr. Boardman's letters. I know you don't, 'cause he's always lookin' for mail an' not gettin' any, an feelin' so dreadful—Mis' Boardman, you just gotta hear me out!"—as Martha tried to stop her. "I—I'm desperate; I can't stand it any longer. Oh, you good women, how hard you can be on us bad ones. I know you think I'm bad, but I ain't—not as bad as you think. But no matter how bad you think I am, you ain't got no business to let a good man like Mr. you.

"Tell Mr. Boardman That I Have Gone to My Sister Jennie's," She Said.

We—we'd been foolin' like we done hundreds of times before, an' when I went to go past him I kinda stumbled against him an'—oh, shucks, it wasn't nothin' nothin' at all—he—he didn't even kiss me, as you thought he was a-goin' to, an' as most men would—it was all just devilishness on my part, Mis' Boardman. If there was any blame it was all mine, an' what you saw was all there was to it, either before or since. Oh, Mis' Boardman, believe me, please do," and here Cicely knelt before Martha, who had hid her face in her hands, "not for my sake—maybe I am bad—born bad—I guess—but he's good, good, and sufferin' every day an' all day an' all night."

Martha, who had sat as tho turned to stone during this recital, gave a long shuddering sigh, around her heart was beginning to melt. She could not but believe Cicely, who went on more quietly now.

"So, Mis' Boardman, I made up my mind I'd make you see the truth. I made it up yesterday. He wasn't eatin' much, an' I thought I'd make a lemon pie for dinner to top off with." Martha winced at this. "I tried to make it like yours. When I brought it on he said, sadlike, 'Well, Cicely, we don't have to play our guessing game to see who made this pie, do we?' You know how you an' me used to try an' fool him, but he could tell every time whether you made the pie or not. An' with that he got up an' went into his study—didn't touch the pie. No door didn't close after him an' I, well, I peeked, 'cause I heard some queer sounds, an' he—he was a-cryin' with his head down on the table. Oh, Mis' Boardman, did you ever see a man cry? It's awful."

"Don't, don't!" cried Martha, choking, but Cicely, seeing her advantage, went on. "Mis' Boardman, men are like children, they ain't like women, you got to make allowances for some things—an', Mis' Boardman, he can't preach like he used to an' I'm afraid—afraid

At this Martha was up in arms. "Has any one said anything?"

"No, not right out, but I—I've heard things. Oh, Mis' Boardman, he needs you. There's days an' days when he

[illegible] don't even see me, just eats an' don't seem to know what he's eatin,' don't eat nothin' at all."

"That's enough, Cicely, I—I'm going back—but what about——"

"Oh," and Cicely gave a long sigh of relief and some of the dimples came back to her face as, rising, she said naively, "you don't need worry about me, Mis' Boardman. I got a beau that's been wantin' me for a long time an' I guess you don't need me any longer. You can send my trunk to my sister's. It's all packed an'——"

But Martha was not listening. She had gone into the bedroom and was packing her grip.

"Gittin' Supper While He's Sufferin'."

"Sufferin'!" echoed Martha, "why, I thought——"

"God! yes, I know what you thought but let me tell you you got another think comin'! You made it plain enough what you thought when you went away an' it was an insult to Mr. Boardman. As for me, well, I—I don't count, but let me tell you, I've come to the end of my rope. I can't stand it any longer to see him suffer so. I've quit, but I made up my mind that I'd come an' make you see the truth if I could. That morning that you—— No, you just got to listen," as Martha made an effort to get up, "an' let me tell you it ain't no easy thing for me to tell, neither," and a flood of crimson spread over Cicely's face. "That was the only time, I swear to God! an' honest. I don't know how that happened.

MAKING GOOD

By Geo. Elmer Cobb

(Cop[illegible])

WHENEVER Dan Beasley needed food, or a drink, or a dime to pay for a bed, he invariably made a claim to having a past where meritorious work was his portion.

"I'm no lazy 'bo, friend," he would say. "I've strung wire half over the country," and he showed a pair of nippers that belonged to the kit of a telegraph construction crew.

If encouraged Dan would [illegible] on remarkable exploits in his line well seasoned with peril and hardship. If presented with a query as to present lack of employment, he would cite old age and younger men crowding him out.

Dan was tired of cheap lodg[illegible] [illegible]ton and wanted to get to Crescent, where a real metropolis presented variety and a broader field for the exploitation of his peculiar genius. He swung onto the platform of the last car as the 8:11 pulled out of the depot. Dan was familiar with railroad ways and time schedules. He knew that the 8:11 w[illegible] thru train to Crescent with an express car attached. The chance of discovery by some lynx-eyed conductor, even huddled up in the shadow of the lower step as he was, were entirely against him, but to com[illegible]te for that the probabilities were [illegible] he would not be kicked off, nor [illegible]lly to [illegible]

"What Is It?" He Grumbled.

Dan [illegible] door of the rear car when it opened and a man came out. Dan scrunched close, but felt easier as he observed that the intruder wore no uniform. It was only a passenger come out onto the platform to get a breath of fresh air and puff at a cigarette. He noticed Dan, but made no remark. His smoke being of contemplated brief duration, the passenger had not taken the trouble to go ahead to the smoking car.

"Tickets," and the door swung open and the conductor appeared, punched the bit of pasteboard presented, and then noticed Dan.

"Stowaway?" he observed smartly. "You'll have to vacate."

"Where to—Pullman or chair car?" grinned Dan, coming to his feet. "You ain't the kind to fire me into the ditch, your face shows that. Have a heart, boss. I've seen better days. See!" and Dan presented the inevitable last tool of his former calling. "Lineman once, and a good one. Lift me to Crescent, won't you?"

The conductor growled some uncomplimentary remarks, evidently deciding to make the best of it, and retired, slamming the door after him. The passenger dropped his half-consumed cigarette. It fell to the platform. Greedily Dan picked it up and with a chuckle of rare content placed it between his lips, puffing luxuriantly.

"Keeps away the hunger, see?" he said, bracing comfortably on the top step now.

"You're that, eh?" questioned the passenger.

"Generally, friend," nodded Dan.

"Well, when you get to Crescent use my contribution for a genuinely square meal," and the speaker handed Dan a half dollar.

"Strike wood! I'm blind or dreaming!" cried Dan, and he joyously tapped the welcome coin against the car door. "Say, I'm in rare luck."

The young man smiled and went into the coach. His charitable act pleased him. He was, in fact, filled with pleasant thoughts. Well might that be for inside his breast pocket was a long fat wallet. It contained one thousand two hundred dollars, the savings of two years, which would enable him to go to Crescent, marry Mary Lane, the girl of his choice, enjoy a rational wedding trip and have enough left over to furnish a neat little flat.

So he dreamed fond visions of bliss reclining in the car seat and Dan, outside, extracted the last atom of warmth and flavor from the diminishing cigarette stump and closely clasped the half dollar, gloating over an anticipated [illegible]isfying bill of fare in the near future.

Dan lolled over the entire platform now. There would probably be no more interruptions and no stops until Crescent was reached. He dozed, and must have been on the verge of dreams for fully two hours when there came a shock. Dan just grabbed the brake rod in time to evade a topple over.

"What is it?" he grumbled. "This isn't Crescent. I don't like that!" he added, swinging sideways, clinging with one hand and peering ahead.

A red light showed the stop signal just ahead of the engine. The headlight of the locomotive revealed more th[illegible] one figure scurrying about. Dan had good eyesight. Suddenly he leaped to the ground with the startling word:

"Ginger—it's a holdup!"

Dan ran to the side of the track. He made out at least six men armed with revolvers lining [illegible] [illegible] had boarded [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] down the track.

[illegible]

Dan glanced about to find a hiding place. None offered, for there was no brush along the sides of the track, which were sloping [illegible] confined the train in a sort of cut, open only ahead where there was a crossing. There were, however, telegraph poles.

"It will sure be more comfortable aloft!" mused Dan.

Scurrying up a pole, with or without climbers, was a familiar task for Dan. He reached the crossarm [illegible] breathless. "Regular [illegible] movie show," he soliloquized, as some pistol shots echoed out. "Ginger, again'—why! it would make me a hero."

A suggestion had come to Dan's mind that stirred him mightily. He saw that two of the train robbers were going thru the train and relieving the passengers of their money and jewelry. Ahead, two others were battling at the doors of the express car.

"It's a lonely spot and they'll have to take time to get the safe open. I'll make the try."

Dan wound one leg about the cross tie of the pole. He whipped out his nippers. He snipped the main wire in two and drew together the severed ends.

"Early education comes back to me clear as crystal—what!" he chuckled. "Now, then, have they got an intelligent operator at the other end of the wire, or a lunkhead?"

What Dan had done was simple and scarcely original. He tapped out a slow but startling message, and some one at the other end of the line learned that the 8:11 was stalled at a certain point, not ten miles away, by train robbers. A posse in swift automobiles was suggested by Dan.

Then he eased back and wondered if due diligence would obstruct the robbers before they got away. Just as he [illegible] the robbers had no easy task [illegible]ting into the express car and forc[illegible] safe. Half an hour went by [illegible]en, from the city, half a dozen automobiles dashed down the crossing road. The robbers were surrounded and secured after a strug[illegible] [illegible] booty of those who had gone thru the train and held up the passengers was restored to them.

One among them vociferously gloated over his restored money.

"I've got back the price of my happiness!" he cried joyously. "How did it come about?" And when Dan's share in the transaction was known, he added to that fifty-cent piece a crisp new one hundred dollar bill.

"You're a mascot!" he exuberated, showing Dan a photograph of the girl who was to be his wife. "See, she actually smiles in the picture to let you know how grateful and thankful she feels toward you!"

And the passengers chipped in and the railroad company later added its contribution, and being a hero and a pet spoiled the tramp routine for Dan Beasley, and he made up his mind to turn respectable and succeed.

* * *

Appropriate One.

"What kind of a drink did the old rooster yonder order?"

"I think it was a cocktail."

An Explanation.

"Pa," asked little Tommy, "what do they mean when they speak of overhead expenses?"

"Mine, my son," said the old gentleman sadly. "Mine, when I try to keep my head above water."

The Jury Understood.

"I fear I went too strong on [illegible] about it wasn't money [illegible] for, but the principle of [illegible]"

"Why so?"

"The jury saw it in that light, evidently. Gave us 8 cents dama[illegible]"

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Name..............................

Age.............................. [illegible]

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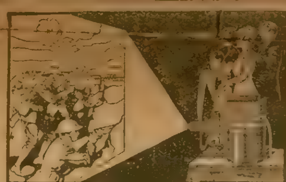

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Town .... State ....

Joint Debate.

"OFFICE help should dwell in harmony or not at all," said the pacific bookkeeper. "With all this wrangling continually going on it is next to impossible for me to strike a balance."

"You junker!" said the office boy. "Who should you be so militaristic? Wanting to strike a defenseless balance, what can't hit back."

"What's the matter now?" queried the brunette typist. "I'm never disturbed except by Mr. Inkham's noisy efforts to keep things quiet."

"The trouble here is that we can't agree on anything," said the bookkeeper. "Why can't that fan be put where I want it? I suggested above the desk on the other side of the room. It will then——"

"Cool you off and nobody else," piped the office boy.

"——absorb all the chill in the room," returned the bookkeeper. "If I figured the problem properly I don't believe I'd use more than three and a half cubic feet a minute. Let me get a piece of paper and a pencil."

"You're wasting the firm's valuable time," said the brunette typist. "You would be a good waster of your——ig cubic feet and charging it up to the company. Furthermore, I should think a bookkeeper should be——where she likes the fan. What's——now doesn't suit me. It blows directly on me and makes my hair look perfect."

"And the ice water tank!" protested the bookkeeper. "It's kept right at my elbow, practically."

"It saves you walking about nine miles a day across the room to it and back," said the brunette typist. "Use your head for efficiency. You wasted many a working day strolling to and from that ice water——ank. I don't want it near me. The splashing around makes——"

"——ngside mine," begged the office boy. "I don't drink enough water——ter to be good for his system. And I can have a lot of fun with it. I'll bring down a goldfish some day and put him in the bottle for an ornament. It needs decorating."

"Hist," whispered the brunette typist to the bookkeeper. "Wad the fan and the water over to Willie's place. Let the child be the goat."

"Done," laughed the office——n only a kid."

* * *

It Puzzled Him.

——that small town and we——to have a——

——

——

For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Attractive Sewing Basket and Companions

BY ELIZABETH BERNE

THESE Japanese sewing baskets are very popular this season for carrying one's sewing and small needlework, besides being an attractive ornament on the side table in the library or reception hall. The plain baskets of golden brown can be purchased in various sizes. The amount and kind of decorations depend somewhat on the size of the basket. The 12-inch basket here shown was made of the plain variety. This is of kelly green with gold tinsel and cream silk cords. The 4-inch jade ring is also of bright green, with amber, green and blue large sized beads fastened to the cover of the basket by cord run thru inch wide gilt disks. The inside of this basket is lined with altered china silk of pale green. Many other shades of trimming may be used.

The various shades of blue, lavender, gold or old rose could be substituted for the green with equally satisfactory results. The lining can be of other materials also, sheer silk or satin, crepe, voile or silk mixtures can be used.

The Japanese tassels of black finished with gold tinsel and a touch of bright colors also make an attractive and unusual finish.

A band of black elastic one-half inch wide holds the cover and basket together for street use.

The Japanese Sewing Companion makes a very welcome gift by itself or completes the basket. The tassel is shorter, but of the same style as the one shown on the basket. The heart shaped pin cushion, bag for thread and thimble and the scissors case, can be made of any soft material one may prefer, this affords one a splendid opportunity for using up the odd pieces one has about the house. The shade predominating should match the basket or its trimmings, or if used as a separate gift, any attractive shade can be selected. The material used here is plain crepe. The pin cushion is made with bag brush can quickly and with good results. Ornament the fronts of these pieces. For the girl who is handy with her needle, a small design of flowers can be embroidered on the front of each piece, before it is lined and finished. Fancy flowered or figured material do not need hand decorating and are very charming when small figures are used.

Cardboard foundations are cut, covered and sewed together in the usual manner. Silk cords join the pieces gauging thru one large bead before fastening over the ring. This can be of jade to match the basket or as shown here, covered with braid.

The thread and pin roll is also made of leftovers. The striped ribbon, 5 inches wide by 6 inches long, is lined with plain light colored silk of the same size. Fancy flowered, plain or brocade ribbon, can be used if one has them, or fancy silk if this is available. Four spools of thread or spool silk are sewn on silk cords which forms the hanger also. Over this roll sew the covering, bringing the thread from one end thru the seam, thread four needles and fasten each needle to the lining. Below these arrange the pins in rows.

These accessories take up little room, but prove themselves very useful when needed, while the economy of using what one has is very pleasing and patriotic these days of thrift and saving.

Crochet Finish.

INSTEAD of buttonsewing the edges of pillowslips, dresser-scarfs and similar articles, try working with double crochet, placing the edges close together. Stitch the lower line of the edge first with two or three rows of machine-stitching, then with needle unthreaded stitch the inner line, making thru each in which to insert your hook, thus saving the fingers and making even work. Cut the scallops out carefully, following the stitching a little in advance of your work. This has the effect of buttonholing, is quite as durable and far more quickly done.

Easy to Make.

A CONVENIENT apron is very easily made of a square piece of lawn or any other desired material; round off one corner for the bottom, turning the square cornerwise, and use the opposite or upper corner for the bib, and running a casing across on the back for the drawstrings; or simply sew the strings at each side, and either turn the corner up for a bib or turn it down and under at the waistline. Bind the edge with the bias binding that comes in bunches and different colors. A very neat apron was made of a yard of heavy unbleached cotton, bound with Turkey-red; it was then starched in thin, hot starch, allowed to become perfectly dry, then dampened and ironed as smooth as possible. A simple outline or braiding pattern was then traced around the bottom, and followed with waterproof tracing-ink, a dark cloth laid over this and pressed with a hot iron; this treatment sets the ink so that not even boiling will affect it. An apron made by this pattern of tablecloth is fine for keeping the dress dry while washing dishes or on wash day.

Ribbon Holder.

EVERY woman always has a wealth of ribbon odds and ends and usually the great problem is finding a place to put them. A dainty and useful ribbon holder is easily made and is an ideal gift.

Use ring ½ inch in diameter, 60 dc. into ring. Ch. 3, 2 t. in 2 dc. ch. 3, sk. 3 dc. 2 t. in next 3 dc., repeat around ring.

2nd Row—Ch. 3, 3 t. in center of 3 t. in 1st row. Ch. 3, 3 t. in first space, ch. 3, 1 t. in center of 3 t. repeat around ring.

3rd Row—Same as 2nd row.

4th Row—Ch. 3, 1 t., ch. 3, 3 t. in 1st space, ch. 3, 1 t. in center of 3 t., ch. 3, 1 t., in top of t., ch. 3, 1 t. in center of 3 t., ch. 3, 3 t. in space. Repeat around ring.

5th Row—Make row of double treble with 3 ch. between.

6th Row—1 dc. in 3 ch. 5 t. in same ch. 1 dc.

7th Row—Ch. 3, p. in 1st t. of scallop, 6 t. to each scallop.

Run 1 inch in spaces made by double treble, loop at top to hang by. Put the narrow ribbon thru the ring and your holder is complete.

Smart Fall Hats.

MANY attractive models are included in the early fall showings of the millinery wholesalers. For dress wear, net hats with striking silk embroidered flowers combined with velvet, satin, are seen in the local collections. Gainsborough effects, with a decided turn at the side, and toques with shaded ribbon also are shown, as is a shape with wide brim and high crown, called Cecil Dean. All of these shapes are very large. Various effects in "tams" are also included in the new showings, in black, navy and brown. They are trimmed with ostrich tassels, bands and tips, as well as with paradise.

For tailored wear, turbans and medium sized shapes are shown in velvet and satin, combined in many instances. The brims and crowns are made of satin or velvet, with the flanges, facings and side crowns of velvet, sometimes in contrasting colors. Among the trimmings of these hats are wings and ribbon cockades, as well as accordion pleated ribbon in fan shaped arrangements.

Making Sash Curtains.

SASH curtains should be measured from the top of the inside of the window case to the sill, allowing two inches at the top and bottom. The top is turned over three inches and the casing so allows for a small heading and the casing for the brass rod. The hem is turned in at the bottom, and the curtain just escapes touching the sill and swings free from dust or dirt. The curtains may be made plain or finished with a ruffle edging. A narrow gimp braid is sometimes used as a finish. The French striped net or Brussels net are good materials. It is sometimes wise in making curtains used in rooms where they will require frequent laundering, or where the edge is apt to wear, to make the same width hem at the top and bottom, as in this way they can be turned upside down and the wearing of the hem equalized.

Crocheting Help.

IF, WHEN making fancy bags or other articles of mesaaline or other fabric that splits easily, you wish to use a crochet edge, just run the edges of the goods under, and with a sewing-needle make the old-fashioned chain-stitch. You can work into these stitches with the crochet-needle and not injure the daintiest fabric, and it offers a good, firm foundation for the border. If care is taken not to catch into the thread, the chain-stitches can be easily pulled out should you wish to remove the crocheted edge at any time.

Way to Save Thread.

WHEN sewing a seam on the machine there is quite a saving of thread if the second seam is begun without cutting the thread from the first. When the garment is finished there are no long threads to trim off.

(Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

FREE TO PILE SUFFERERS

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Clever Up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Permanently of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My fatherly method for the treatment and permanent cure of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of cured cases testify to the same. I will tell you all my method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is surgical or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your occupation—you are troubled with piles my method will relieve you promptly. I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, suppositories, etc. have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one infallible treatment that positively and permanently cures.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

FREE PILE CURE COUPON

E. R. Page,
352 C Main St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send free trial of your Method to:

.....

YOUR Free Suit

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.

We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely Free, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

$25 to $50 EXTRA

and besides that be the best-dressed man in your town. It's an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. Don't delay a minute.

Write for this Big Offer at Once

Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely Free, our wonderful style book, containing dozens of correct plan and fashion plates to choose from. Write Now. Everything sent Free and postage prepaid.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 701 CHICAGO

Quality and Fit Guaranteed

Make Your Bike a Motorcycle

The Shaw Attachment Fits Any Bicycle

Makes your old bike a dependable, easy-running, light weight power machine. Compact, easy to attach. No mechanical knowledge required. Any one can operate it. Wonderful hill climber. Write for this Big Offer at Once

FREE BOOK—Write for our free illustrated book. It tells all about Shaw Motorbicycle, a completely equipped power bike at a low price.

SHAW Mfg. Co.
Dept. 214
Galesburg, Kans.

$2.50 A MONTH!

SAVE YOUR EYES! THINK OF YOUR HEALTH!

The month's Bulletin smashes all records in quantity, quality and lowness the prices. Our continental feeling of confidence is complete now. No scrimp—no worry. We trust you.

SENT ON APPROVAL

You do not risk a penny. Your choice may be sent you on 10 days' Free Trial. Every watch Guaranteed. A new deal for practical people. Write now for special offer. A postal will do.

Elgin, Illinois
South Bend
Hamilton
Waltham

HARRIS-GOAR CO., DEPT. 1060 KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer

Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, consequently does not or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is composed is pure aluminum and though far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer.

Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus Pa.

3 Rings and Bracelet FREE

Sell 8 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box (Rosebud Salve is a wonderful remedy for pimples, catarrh, sores, bunions, etc. Relieves the first day.) Send name & number of rolled gold wedding ring wanted. Also bracelet. Order salve today.

WE TRUST
Rosebud Perfume Co. Box 190 Woodsboro, Md.

FREE SUBMARINE

Just send your name and address and we will send you 20 of our beautiful Art Pictures to sell at 10c each. When sold, send us the money—$2.00—and we will send you this beautiful Submarine Watch Fob, absolutely FREE. Write today.

BINGO CO., DEPT. 324, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

ARE YOU BASHFUL?

If you are timid or lack self confidence, if you blush, become confused easily, if you are bashful and want to overcome these faults, write me today and send 3c stamp for our booklet—it tells how we can help you. Don't delay—write today.

THE CONCENTRIC INSTITUTE,
Box 1, Chicago, Ill. Dept. 1, Wis.

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great method will positively remove all of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 6 to 10 days. No harm or inconvenience. Mail $1.00. Double Strength $2.00. MONEY BACK. Write today. DR. C. E. BOURDEAU, Dept. 1, Detroit, Mich.

CONSTIPATION Cured Without Drugs. Free 4 day method. Write today. LIBERTY PUB. CO., Sta. B Box 4018, Cleveland, O.

BOYS! VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE

We give Guns, Watches, Cameras, Flashlights, Tents, Chemical sets and many other valuable premiums to our boys for selling our papers. The famous Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout.

ALSO CASH PROFITS

on every paper you sell. No experience necessary. We show you where to get customers and just what to do to build up a steady route of customers that means steady profits each week. Send us a postal today. Write on it, "I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell," and send it to us and we will start you.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 11,
500 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Fido Gives Notice.

FIDO lived in a queer kennel. It was a great log, hollowed out, with a chain fastened at one end to keep Fido from running away. He was a lively young dog, so he ran in and out of the log a great many times, and was glad when his master, George, came to set him free for a good frolic.

George lived away up in Canada, far from every one and everything, except trees. Sometimes days went by without seeing any one but his father and mother and baby sister, so George was much surprised one day when Fido began to bark furiously and voices were heard in the road.

George hurried out to find a man and a woman standing by the fence. They were tourists who had come to spend their summer at the lake, not many miles away. They had big baskets of lunch and seemed to be out for a long day's tramp.

"Won't you let me take a photograph of your dog?" the man asked pleasantly. "I never saw a kennel like that, and I should like to show it to my little boy at home. That's a fine dog you have, too."

George beamed with pride.

"You may take his photograph if he'll let you," said George.

Fido barked more than ever as the man came near him, and ran into his house; but when he ran out to see if the danger were past, George heard a quick little snap and knew that the photograph had been taken.

"Where do you go to school?" the woman asked after her husband had thanked George.

"Kingsville," the boy replied.

"Then why aren't you there? Didn't you know school began today?"

George was so surprised he could hardly answer. There was no newspaper in his neighborhood, no telephone in his house, no school bell that he could hear—nothing to tell him that other boys and girls had started to school. You may be sure he was ready to go early the next morning, and that afternoon he gave Fido an extra race for telling him that strangers were going by, and so giving him notice that it was time for school to begin.

Making a Call.

A LITTLE boy of 5 went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who was very fond of children, told him she intended to ask his mother to let her have him.

"Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.

"No," he said, "you have [illegible]

"How much would it take?" she asked.

"Three hundred pounds," he answered promptly, "and you haven't got that much."

"I think I could manage it," she said. "If I can, will you come to me?"

"No," he said, with decision. "Mamma wouldn't sell me, anyhow. There are five of us, and mamma wouldn't like to break the set."

How, Indeed?

WHEN the late President Cleveland's daughter was quite young her father once telephoned to the White House and asked Mrs. Cleveland to bring the child to the 'phone. Lifting the little one up to the instrument, Mrs. Cleveland watched her expression change from bewilderment to wonder and then to fear.

It was surely her father's voice—yet she looked at the telephone incredulously. After examining the tiny opening in the receiver, the little girl suddenly burst into tears. "Oh, mamma!" she sobbed. "How can we ever get papa out of that little hole?"

Exciting.

JOHNNY was at the concert and he was badly bored. His mother was uneasy, for Johnny was disturbing others, but when a girl began to sing "The Minstrel Boy" and reached the line "His father's sword he girded on," Johnny was alive with excitement.

"You like this, Johnny?" said his mother. "It is——"

"Be quiet, mother, do," said Johnny impatiently. "I want to see what happens to him when his father gets home."

Why?

"WHERE you nice and polite to Minnie?" asked Frank's mother, upon his return from the picture show to which he had escorted Minnie.

"No, I was not," said Frank. "She had that front seat alone and I was ashamed to be seen with her, so I took her to a front seat, and then when the lights went out I sneaked to a back seat."

That's So.

AN INTELLIGENT Frenchman was studying the English language. "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast," said he, "and that if I was tied I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one dollar prize,' I was tempted to give up trying to learn English."

Doubtful Compliment.

"I WISH you were my father, Mr. Peters."

"That's kind of you, but why are you not satisfied with your own father?"

"Mamma says if I had a father like you he'd buy us an automobile, even if he never expected to pay for it."

No Danger.

"SUSIE, was I born on Friday?"

"Yes; why do you want to know?"

"Carl says that boys born on Fridays are likely to be hung."

"I guess he means stung; they don't hang boys any more."

A Catastrophe.

BETTY played with the new kitty, poking her finger in the cat's eye, in return for which she was scratched, the cat waving its tail frantically at the time.

"Mamma," screamed Betty, "the kitty stabbed me with her tail."

What He Did With the Pills.

DOCTOR—"Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was sure that the pills I left you would cure you. How did you take them—in water or in cake?"

"Oh, I used them in my blow-gun!"

LOOK, CHILDREN! PLAY THIS WAR GAME!

Paste This on Stiff Cardboard, Follow Directions and You Will See How Uncle Sam Sends His Men to Fight the Kaiser in France.

A
B
PASTE ON BACK AND BEND OUT ON DOTTED LINE
BEND FLAPS Y AND Z BACK ON DOTTED LINE
AMERICA
Z
PASTE ON BACK AND BEND OUT AT DOTTED LINE
EUROPE
Y
PASTE THIS END TO TAB END MARKED A
PASTE THIS END TO TAB END MARKED B
MOUNT ALL STRIPS ON STIFF CARD BOARD, CUT OUT AND JOIN TOGETHER AS DIRECTED
PASTE THIS END TO TAB END MARKED B
"THE BRIDGE OF SHIPS" IN OPERATION

Sacrifice Sale.

WHEN Banners got the wire from his firm to leave at once for the western office of the concern and remain there permanently there was much weeping and lamentation by young Mrs. Banners, who had as a bride succeeded in making her honeymoon flat a regular newlyweds' dovecote.

"I know it's terrible, dear," said Banners consolingly when he had broken the news. "Everything is grand and glorious here and now we've got to leave it."

"It's so far away," cried Mrs. Banners. "Anything west of St. Paul is out of the question. Besides, there are the neighbors and friends we've made here that will kill me to part with," sobbed young Mrs. Banners. "They've been so good and sociable. And this dear apartment! I know we'll never be able to set it up again out there as we have it here. The chairs and glass and everything will be wrecked in shipping."

"But we are not going to ship it, lovekins," said Banners. "With the war on and everything it can't be done. Along with the wonderful friends we've made and neighbors we've met we'll have to say good-by to the beloved furniture also."

"Arthur!" gasped young Mrs. Banners, bringing her head to rest on the shoulder of her husband. "The rug grandma gave me and the dining room set and the parlor suit and—and the wedding presents?"

"Everything, poor little girl! A fond adieu to everything we have on these premises but the clothes on our backs. When we reach our new home we'll buy and fit up a new flat. You know how we did enjoy it here.

"I'll put a sign in the window and pass the news to our friends and neighbors that we are selling our furniture. The neighbors will come in droves and——"

"How wonderful you are for brilliant ideas!" exclaimed young Mrs. Banners in ecstacy. "And we can take all the money and buy a complete duplicate of this outfit without a cent of loss."

"My dear girl," said Banners, "you are not only young and beautiful, but innocent and unversed in the ways of the world. What you don't know about friends and neighbors is a good deal. When we offer our $700 piano for sale our dearest neighbor will offer us 25 bucks for it—with the lamp thrown in.

"Grandma's rug, that cost her a modest fortune in her day, will bring as offer of $1.50 from the very man I sat up with when he thought he was about to pass away. Some more of our beloved friends will offer to take the parlor suit and the dining room set and the library table gratis if we'll pay the cartage. The wedding presents will get white elephant sale prices for if——"

"John, dear," interrupted Mrs. Banners, "did you say we are going to Seattle or San Francisco? Oh, I'm so glad!"

* * *

It is now claimed that a diet of corn bread makes a beautiful pink complexion. If true, that will put the vanity bags in the discard.

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear with publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. Experience unnecessary. Big profits, fine openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn $100 to $150 weekly or $10,000 a year. Employment service rendered anywhere. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 103 K, Chicago, Ills.

AGENTS WANTED

TAILORING AGENTS. GET THIS NEW way of showing samples. Leatherette wallet free. Biggest outfit in the world. Everybody surprised. Can't figure how we squeeze it down to carry in such small space. Not a paper folder every Tom, Dick and Harry can get. All weighs less than a pound. Carry it in your pocket. Grab orders from morning, noon and night. World's greatest offer. Best clothes. Lowest prices. We pay express or postage. More free features than any other house. No extra charges. We don't ask you to spend your cash profits to get your own clothes free. Ours is a new and better plan. The Handy Dandy Line. 623 W. Jackson St., Chicago.

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT AS my agents to take orders for Coon soap. 100 cents. I paid Eli Bridge $68.95 for orders taken during his agents' time in one week. Cooper made $3164 last month. Wonderful values. A daily profit of $4.90. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and no automobile free at the end of six months. Self-selling proposition. Fill this coupon for sample soap and complete outfit for getting orders. Coupon: Dept. B-125, Dayton, Ohio.

COPY THIS HERE; SNAPPIEST MONEY maker oh wheels in America. Every boy selling a soldier or sailor will fight to secure one. Sales guaranteed, not sold in stores; write immediately for special offer and special outfit to start. Don't delay, be the first in your territory and the money is yours. Counts. Address Steen Co., 552 Valentine Bldg., Toledo, O.

AGENTS—NEW VULCANIZED RUBBER apron. Acid-proof, grease-proof, waterproof. Five times as much wear as cloth. Sells in every home; to men and women in factories, laundries, restaurants, garages, agency and samples. Thomas Apron Co., 4111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—SELL GUARANTEED HOSIERY to men, women and children. Must wear or replaced free. Latest styles all colors and fancy stripes. You can sell at less than store prices. Outfit free. Write for samples. Thomas Hosiery Co., 7411 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—$50 WEEKLY AND YOUR FALL suit free. Sell our famous popular priced made to measure suits and pants. Fit guaranteed. Complete outfits free. Act quick. The Commonwealth Tailors, Dept. 611, 19 So. Wells St., Chicago.

QUICK SALES, BIG PROFITS. HIGH PERcentage record of orders handling our popular tube flavors. Enormous demand. Every home free to buyers. Write today. J. M. Pitkin Company, Dept. 145, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

$60 WEEKLY AND AUTOMOBILE FURnished men everywhere placing samples wonderful new guaranteed hosiery direct to wearers. 3c worth equals gallon of gasoline. Outfit free. Ira Hallway, Pres., 1556 Lincoln, Dept. 1, Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, sweaters, waists, direct to consumer. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Handle and sell largest line; repeats quick. Laramico Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

YOU CAN MAKE GOOD, DURABLE PAINTS and varnish, 25c gallon. Home Paint Bros. Mfg. Co., Dept. K, Indianapolis, Ind.

HELP WANTED

STOP THAT DAILY GRIND. TAKE NOSE of grindstone. Be boss to man's slave. Punch nobody's time clock. Own business. We start you anywhere; men, women, $30 weekly; spare income; complete, $1. Products Corp., Elgin, Ill.

WANTED — IMMEDIATELY—MEN, WOMen, 18 or over. $100 month. Thousands needed. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T253, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MALE HELP WANTED

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200 monthly. Colored porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 836 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 1250 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

BRANCH MANAGER WANTED FOR OLD established Chicago concern. We furnish full stock of goods, advertising matter, and equip store completely, in good location, all at our expense and pay you $40.00 a week salary, in addition to liberal share of the profits your store earns. Work can be started in spare time. No investment or previous experience necessary to secure this position. If you are a hustler and want an opportunity to make $5,000 to $15,000 a year, we want you and will pay you to investigate. Write today for our application today. S. Levy, Mgr., Department 238, Cass Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL POST OFfice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Common education only required. Steady civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Washington, D. C.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Write Wagoner, former U. S. Government Detective Agency, 124, St. Louis.

WANTED—MEN TO LEARN AUTOMOBILE, tractor and gas engine business. Good wages while learning. Steady work. Write for free book. Apply Lakeside Forge Co., Erie, Pa.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established trade. Salary $18.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once, Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 1000, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT FREE. paid to your home. Spare time; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices and work. Universal Co., Dept. 64, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—GIRLS, WOMen, 18 or over. $100 month. Thousands U. S. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T27, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Operate entirely from small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. Exclusive territory. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

$15.00 TO $25.00 NIGHTLY ON SMALL investment. Starting, operating Picture Outfit, Machine, Films, etc., at manufacturers' prices sold on installments. Free catalog. Moving Picture Sales Co., 540 Plymouth Place, Dept. BB, Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

FREE TO WRITERS— A WONDERFUL little booklet containing hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Writer's Service, Dept. 10, Auburn, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$2 PAYS FOR 100 SHARES AND HOLDS for 20 days 1,000 shares present price. Producing wells guaranteed by responsible bank deposit of national banks. Money-Back Oil Co., 460 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo. Wanted.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

LATEST WINNING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

WILL GIVE TWO PIGS YEARLY FOR FIVE years for use of $120; absolute security. For particulars address Box 202, Route 4, Vineland, N. J.

OLD COINS WANTED

WILL PAY $2.00 FOR 1904 DOLLAR. proof; 15c for 1912 nickels S. mint; $150.00 for dime 1916, S. mint. We want thousands of coins. We offer up to $1,000.00 for certain dates. Send 4c now for our large illustrated coin circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 13, Fort Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED QUICKER—NEW EFfects in patent service. Report on your invention in two days or less. No longer than 10 days to prepare your case for filing. Get the benefit of my new personal-service plan. Send sketch or model for prompt search and report. My new 70-page patent book free! It's "different." Send a postal today. George E. Kimmel, Patent Office, 215E., Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent. References: Prudential Bldg., Chicago National Bank, Tulbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

IDEAS WANTED. THEY BRING WEALTH if patented. Send postal for Needed Inventions, Prizes, Partial Payments. Free Book. Tells how to secure patent through our credit plan. Randolph & Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 150-page book telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing us for inventions. Book free. Randolph & Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

MILLIONS SPENT ANNUALLY FOR IDEAS! Hundreds now wanted! Patent yours and profit! Write today for free books—tell how to protect yourself, your ideas and what and how we help you sell, etc. 266 Patent Department, Washington, D. C.

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GENTLEMAN, 34, WOULD CORRESPOND with lady matrimonially inclined. Pictures exchanged. John Clark, Lucerne, Mass.

Physicians Explain Why Women Need More Iron In Their Blood Today Than 30 Years Ago

Say Anaemia—Lack of Iron is Greatest Curse to the Health, Strength, Vitality and Beauty of the Modern American Woman

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says physicians should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency. Opinions of Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital; Dr. A. J. Newman, former Police Surgeon of Chicago, and other physicians who have thoroughly tested the value of Nuxated Iron.

Any woman who tires easily, is nervous or irritable, or looks pale, haggard, and worn, should at once have her blood examined for iron deficiency—administration of simple Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, careworn women in two weeks' time.

"There can be no strong, healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and Medical Author. "I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of an anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags, and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss. Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. A. J. Newman, former Police Surgeon of Chicago, and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says: "It has been a particular duty during the past six years to assist in keeping Chicago's five thousand bluecoats in good health and perfect fighting trim, so that they will be physically equipped to withstand all manner of storms and ravages of nature's elements. Recently I was prompted to give Nuxated Iron a trial. This remedy has proven, through my own tests of it, to excel any preparation I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

The Child's Appeal—What Is Your Answer?

"Mother, why don't you take Nuxated Iron and be strong and well and have nice rosy cheeks instead of being so nervous and irritable all the time and looking so haggard and old—The doctor gave some to Susie Smith's mother and she was worse off than you are and now she looks years younger and feels just fine."

You can tell the women *with plenty of iron in* their blood—beautiful, healthy, rosy cheeked women full of Life, Vim and Vitality—while those who lack iron are often cross, nervous, irritable, weak, tired, complaining creatures whom nobody wants to have around.

Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience in this country and abroad, says: "I do not make a practice of recommending advertised medicinal products, but I have found Nuxated Iron so potent in nervous, run-down conditions that I believe all should know of it. The men and women of today need more iron in their blood than was the case twenty or thirty years ago. This because of the dimineralized diet which now is served daily in thousands of homes and also because of the demand for greater resistance necessary to offset the greater number of health hazards, to be met at every turn."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York and Westchester County Hospital, says: "Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable Nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle, tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist on dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron before taking, or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, there are probably thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know of it. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test. See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the old inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.

CUT THIS OUT

WHAT NUXATED IRON IS MADE FROM

Sworn Statement of Composition on its Formula

THE Board of Directors have authorized the broadest publication of the sworn statement of the composition of Nuxated Iron, so that the public may examine it for themselves and judge as to its merits.

Newspapers everywhere are invited to copy this statement for the benefit of their readers. It is suggested that physicians make a record of it and keep it in their offices so that they may intelligently answer questions of patients concerning it. Everybody is advised to cut it out and keep it. A copy of the actual sworn statement will be sent to any one who desires such. It is as follows:

Iron Peptonate (Special specific Standard) Quantity given below. Sodium Glycerophosphates U.S.P. (Monsanto.) Calcium Glycerophosphates U.S.P. (Monsanto.) P. E. Nux Vomica U.S.P. Cascarin Bitter. Magnesium Carbonate. Fe. Ginger U.S.P. Oil Cassia Cinnamon U.S.P. Calcium Carbonate Precip. U.S.P.

Each dose of two tablets of Nuxated Iron contains one and one-half grains of organic iron in the form of iron peptonate of a special specific standard which in our opinion possesses superior qualities to any other known form of iron. By using other makes of Iron Peptonate we could have put the same quantity of actual iron in the tablets at less than one-fourth the cost to us, and by using metallic iron we could have accomplished the same thing at less than one-twelfth the cost, but by so doing we must have most certainly impaired their therapeutic efficacy. Glycerophosphates used in Nuxated Iron is one of the most expensive tonic ingredients known. It is especially recommended to build up the nerve force and thereby increase brain power, as glycerophosphates are said to contain phosphorus in a state very similar to that in which it is found in the nerve and brain cells of man.

As will be seen from the above, two important ingredients of Nuxated Iron (Iron Peptonate and Glycerophosphates) are very expensive products as compared with most other tonics.

Under such circumstances the temptation to adulteration and substitution by unscrupulous persons is very great, and the public is hereby warned to be careful and see every bottle is plainly labeled "NUXATED IRON" by the Dae Health Laboratories, Paris, London, and Detroit, U. S. A., as this is the only genuine article. If you have taken other forms of iron without success, this does not prove Nuxated Iron will not help you.